The MAY 1914 6D Net

BOOKMAN

ISRAEL ZANGWILL

CONTENTS.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL	By Holbrook Jackson	WALT WHITMAN	By Dixon Scott
A. K. H. B.		PLAYS BY TOLSTOY	By Richard Curle
MAURICE MAETERLINCK	By E. O. Hoppé	THE FALLEN CONQUEROR	By S. Butterworth
HUMAN QUINTESSENCE	By Harold Massingham	LIFE IS A DREAM	By Edward Thomas
THE WELLESLEY PAPERS	By Harold Vallings	THE FORTUNATE YOUTH	By F. G. Bettany
BOOKS FOR ALL	By Andrew Boyle	AN ANATOMY OF PAIN	By Wilkinson Sherren
THE HAPPY ESSAYIST		THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ENGLISH THEATRE	

ETC., ETC.

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CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 55

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY—
Ethel Sidgwick. By R. Ellis Roberts 63

THE BOOKSELLER'S DIARY 63

THE READER—
Israel Zangwill. By Holbrook Jackson 67
Prize Competitions .. 73
A.K.H.B. 76
Walt Whitman. By Dixon Scott .. 81
Maurice Maeterlinck. By E. O. Hoppe .. 85

NEW BOOKS—
Plays by Leo Tolstoy. By Richard Curle 88
Human Quintessence. By Harold Massingham 88
The Fallen Conqueror. By S. Butterworth 89
The Secret of Charlotte Brontë 90
The Wellesley Papers. By Harold Vallings 90
Wild Life 91
Les Maîtres D'Autrefois .. 92
An Anatomy of Pain. By Wilkinson Sherren .. 92
The Happy Essayist 93
The Cotswolds 93
Some New Novels. By F. S. Bettany, and others 94
The Church Revival 96
Life is a Dream. By Edward Thomas 96
Books for All. By Andrew Boyle 97
The Beginnings of the English Theatre 98

NOVEL NOTES—
A Castle in Bohemia—Ten Minute Stories—The Twin Soul of O' Také San—John Bulteel's Daughters—It will be all right—Crying for the Moon—The Way of the Strong—The City of Hope—A Heather Mixture—A Free Hand—Kitty Bell the Orphan 98–101

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
Cubist Poems—Madame du Barry—Songs for Music—Winchester—Cornish Catches and Other Verses 101–102

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS 102

I. Zangwill.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

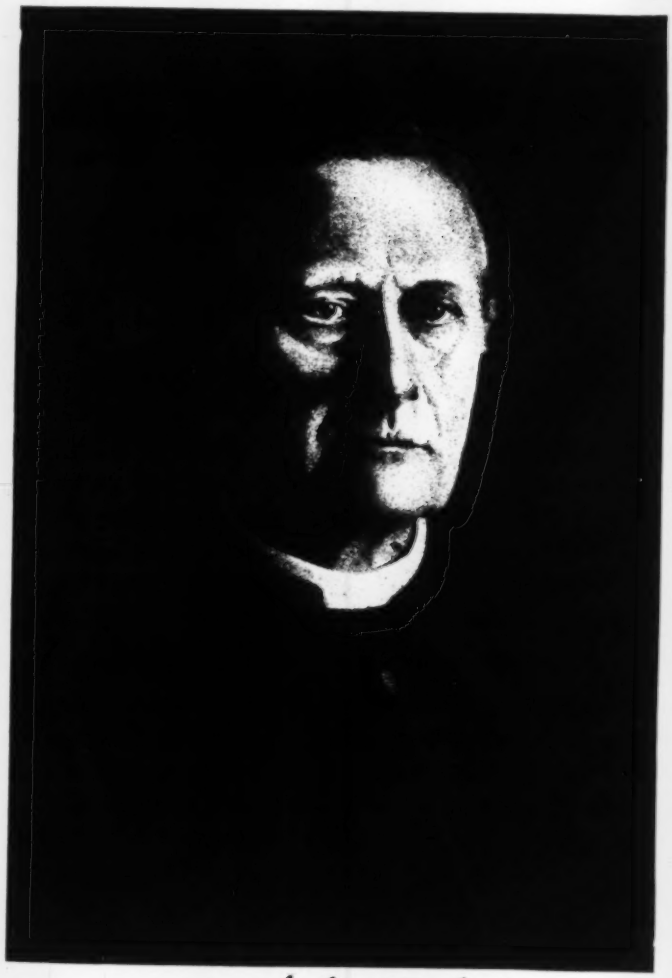
News Notes.

News reaches us, as we go to press, of the sudden death of Mr. S. R. Crockett at Avignon, at the early age of fifty-three. Twenty years ago Mr. Crockett rose into prominence as a member of the famous Kailyard school of fiction; since then he has written some thirty novels, the latest of which, "Silver Sand," was issued by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton on the same day as the report of his death reached England. We hope to publish a special article on Mr. Crockett and his work in our next Number.

Miss Mary Kernahan (Mrs. Charles Harris) whose first novel Messrs. George Allen & Co. are publishing, is a sister of Mr. Coulson Kernahan. She has contributed to the magazines and is also the author of a little book of amusing verse, "Nothing but Nonsense."

Messrs. Putnams are publishing "An Autobiography of Thomas Jefferson," to which Dr. George Haven Putnam has contributed a foreword. It has also an Introduction and notes by the late Paul Lester Ford.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has written a preface on "Parents and Children," to which he attaches considerable importance, for the new volume of his plays that Messrs. Constable are just issuing. The book contains two full-length plays, "Misalliance," and "Fanny's First Play," with "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," a shorter piece written to aid the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre in its appeal for public endowment. In a preface to "The Dark Lady" Mr. Shaw discusses and rejects the conception of Shakespeare as the illiterate nobody of the wild Baconian theory. The publication of this volume has been delayed so long for the preface on "Parents and Children" that Messrs. Constable have already in the press three of Mr. Shaw's later plays, "Androcles and the Lion," "Great Catherine" and "Pygmalion."



S. Baring-Gould

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, whose new book, "The Church Revival" (Methuen), is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. David Nutt is publishing this month "North of Boston," a new volume of poems by Mr. Robert Frost, whose first volume, "A Boy's Will," met with a most favourable reception last year.

That popular naval yarn "The Nancy Manœuvres," by Charles Gleig, is reissued this month in Messrs. Newnes & Co.'s sevenpenny series. The author's "Bunter's Cruise," which is already in the same series, has been selling in various forms since 1899 and "The Nancy Manœuvres" since 1905. A new novel by Mr. Gleig will be published this year.

"The Runic Roods of Ruthwell and Bowcastle," by the Rev. Dr. King Hewison, the well-known archæologist, will be published early this month by Messrs. John Smith & Son, of Glasgow.

Publishers who write books are getting comparatively plentiful; but the publisher as dramatist is something of a rarity. Mr. Herbert Jenkins, after mitigating the rigors of publishing by writing for the magazines and reviews and giving us a notable biography of George Borrow, has written a one-act play, "With Her Husband's Permission," which is to be produced at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, under the management of Miss Muriel Pratt, the young actress who achieved so great a success in "Hindle Wakes" at the Playhouse. It will first appear in the same bill with Mr. John Masefield's "Nan," on the 13th May; and will later be produced at a West End theatre.

Messrs. Constable are publishing a collected edition of the works of the late Stanley Houghton. In addition to "Hindle Wakes," "The Younger Generation," and the plays already familiar, it will include two unpublished long plays, a new one-act play, a selection of his articles and criticisms contributed to the *Manchester Guardian*, some unpublished stories and an unfinished novel of Manchester life

which Houghton was working on in Paris when he was taken ill and died. The edition will be in three volumes, and will have an introduction by Mr. Harold Brighouse.

Mr. W. H. Helm is giving a lecture-recital on "Charles Dickens and his Novels" at the Grafton Gallery on the 12th of this month. In his lectures on Jane Austen, Mr. Helm proved himself an informing and delightful lecturer, and the admirable introduction to his Anthology from Dickens's works is one of the best of the many critical studies that have been written on the personality and the writings of the great Victorian novelist.

Photo by Miss M. Gray. **Frederic Mistral and Madame Mistral.**

Taken at Maillane, April, 1912.

The doyen of London publishers, Mr. Edward Marston, for so long associated with the firm of Messrs. Sampson Low & Marston died on the 6th of last month in his ninetieth year. He was author as well as publisher, and of the dozen little books into which he put records of his angling expeditions, his holiday rambles, his thoughts on life and his recollections of his own career one has pleasant recollections of *By Meadow and Stream*, *Days in Clover*, *Fishing for Pleasure*, *After Work*, and *Easy Chair Memories*. "Thirty years ago I came into touch with him for the first time," says Mr. F. J. Rymer, the manager of the firm. "He was then a young fellow of sixty, and the business of the firm was conducted at Crown Buildings, in Fleet Street. There he would pass me, flying up the stairs two at a time, whilst I toiled up under the weight of my twenty-five years. Nearly twenty years later, at St. Dunstan's House, he did precisely the same thing, remarking at the time, 'I can still beat you on the stairs.' It seems to me that the dear old 'Guvnor' must have been always young—young in heart, young in aspirations, young in sympathy, young in endeavour. His memory was wonderful; his judgment was so sound that he did not make many mistakes, but he made one that he regretted. I remember him saying to me once, 'Well, what is selling in the book line?' I replied, 'The market seems to be held just now by the new two-shilling edition of Mrs. Henry Wood's works.' 'Dear me!' he replied, 'that reminds me of one of the mistakes of my life. I recollect a lady calling at the office of Sampson Low & Marston, then at 47, Ludgate Hill, and leaving a manuscript. I took it home and read it. It was a very nice story, but the authoress was almost unknown, and it did not seem to me to be anything out of the common, so when the lady called, as she had arranged to, I had to disappoint her by declining it. Her name was Mrs. Henry Wood. Now guess the title of the work she submitted.' '*East Lynne*,' I hazarded. 'No,' said he. 'I don't think that even I could have turned down *East Lynne*. The book I refused was *The Channings*, and I have always felt that had I had the sense to accept it instead of rejecting it, it would have made all the difference to the history of the firm of Sampson Low Marston, Searle & Rivington, as it afterwards became.' He enjoyed his later years of leisure as he had enjoyed his long years of work. He lived a quiet, useful, happy life," adds Mr. Rymer, "spreading an unconscious influence for good far and wide, and many besides myself have reason to bless the day on which they first came into contact with Edward Marston, 'The Amateur Angler'."

Photo by Miss M. Gray. **Mas de Juge.**

The birthplace of Mistral, the famous Provençal poet, who died last month.

Photo by W. G. Parker. **Miss Rosina Fillipi,**
whose new novel, "The Heart of Monica," Messrs. Cassell are publishing.

"A Daughter of Debate," a novel by Mrs. Ambrose Harding which Mr. Werner Laurie has just published, is a vivid and powerful study of the colour problem as it exists in the West Indies to-day. Mrs. Harding has herself lived for many years in the West Indies and writes with a first hand knowledge of her subject.

Mrs. Ambrose Harding,
author of "A Daughter of Debate" (Werner Laurie).

A novel by Mr. John Haslette, "Johnnie Maddison," will be published this month by Messrs. Smith, Elder. It is concerned with the difficulties of an honest man who thinks it his duty to warn a woman that her prospective husband is not all that she believes him to be, and his own later love for this woman complicates the problem on which the story turns. Mr. Haslette has written short stories for the magazines, and serials for various periodicals here and in America. Two of his six novels, "Desmond Rourke" and "The Mesh," were published in England by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., and in the United States by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. and Messrs. McBride, Nast & Co.

Photo by Henry F. Coote. **Mr. Rafael Sabatini,**
whose new novel, "The Gates of Doom," is published by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Yoi Pawlowska, the author of "A Year of Strangers" and "Those that Dream," has gone to Walt Whitman for the title of her new book, "A Child Went Forth," which Messrs. Duckworth are publishing. It will be illustrated by the author's husband, Signor Antonio Marini, whose monument to Ristori was recently set up in Cividale.

Miss Meriel Buchanan,
daughter of the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg, in Russian costume. Miss Buchanan is the author of "Tania," a novel recently published by Mr. Herbert Jenkins.

We regret that there were two small misprints in Mr. Herbert Trench's "Bitter Serenade" last month. In the line:

"A man can take the buffets of the journey"

the last word should have been—tourney; and in the line:

"Starred on your face as though a crystal burning"

the word "though" should have been—through.

"The Woman's Law," by Maravene Thompson, which Mr. Eveleigh Nash is publishing to-day, is a frankly but powerfully melodramatic story—the first novel of a new writer.

Frank Danby (Mrs. Julia Frankau) has become known to us as a novelist of town life and smart society; in "The Heart of a Child" she touches a more romantic idealistic note, but as a rule her twelve novels take us among the garish lights of cities and into the company of very sophisticated men and women. In her new story, "Full Swing" (Cassell) which we review elsewhere, she makes a departure and gives us a charming romance of country life. Mrs. Frankau's childhood was passed in Dublin, where the near neighbours of her artist-father were Lady Wilde and her sons Oscar and Willie. At the precocious age of thirteen she wrote a parody of a vilanelle by Oscar Wilde which was published later by Edmund Yates in the *World*. That the pictures of mean life in some of her books are vividly true to life is not to be wondered at when one considers that in her earlier days she earned a livelihood by law writing, by addressing envelopes, and by embroidering for a West End shop. At the age of nineteen she married Mr. Arthur Frankau, and one of her two sons, Mr. Gilbert Frankau, is the author of that brilliant post-Byronic rhymed novel, "One of Us." To her brother, the late Owen Hall, she owed the theme of "The Heart of a Child"—the result of a discussion on musical comedy morality. Her sister Mrs. Aria is well known as a society journalist. Mrs. Frankau's earliest novel, "Dr. Phillips," has reached a sale of a hundred thousand copies, and probably "Pigs in Clover" was one of the most successful as well as one of the ablest of her other stories. In addition to the novels which have appeared under her pseudonym of Frank Danby, Mrs. Frankau has written certain books of art-history—a "Life of John Raphael Smith," "Lives of James and William Ward," and a volume on "Eighteenth Century Colour Prints," in her own name.

Dr. Maria Montessori,
whose new book on the training of children, "Dr. Montessori's Own Handbook," was published last month by Mr. Heinemann.

Messrs. Holden & Hardingham are publishing shortly a book by Mr. Walter M. Gallichan on "Woman Under Polygamy," a careful study of the history of plural-marriage. Mr. Gallichan is keenly interested in the feminist movement, and his "Modern Woman," lately reissued by Mr. Werner Laurie, has

Mr. Geoffrey Norton Farmer,
whose first novel, "Quella," has just been published by Messrs. Alston Rivers.

Mr. Walter M. Gallichan.

had a large sale here and in America. He began his career as an auther at the age of twenty-six and has written, in all, thirty-four volumes, including four novels and several books of travel. Some of his earlier work was published under the pen-name of Geoffrey Mortimer, and his subjects range from ethics to trout fishing. His wife (well known as C. Gasquoine Hartley), whose volume "The Truth About Woman," is now in a third edition, has completed a new book on "The Position of Woman in Primitive Society." It will be published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash in England, and Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., in America.

The Annual Meeting of the Associated Booksellers' of Great Britain and Ireland will be held in Edinburgh this year from the 5th to the 8th of this month.

If "The Uplanders," of which Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have sent us an advance copy, is Mr. Walter Bamfylde's first book, as we believe it is, we should say it will not be long before he figures in the lists of popular novelists. He writes well; has a light attractive style, and his pictures of English country life and character are uncommonly well done. He possesses a real narrative gift and not only has a good story to tell but knows how to tell it.

Mr. Max Weber, whose "Cubist Poems" have just been published by Mr. Elkin Mathews, is an American of Russian descent, and it is as a painter that he has so far been known, but finding there were certain things that lent themselves more fittingly to expression in the medium of poetry than of painting he has, in the last year or two, sought to express himself with the pen as well as with the brush, and the marked characteristics of his poems are, as one would expect, their appreciation of form and colour. To some of us he may appear fantastic in both his poetry and his paintings, but he claims to be a realist presenting life as he sees it. He is one of the most remarkable painters of the much-discussed cubist school, and however strongly one may question the beauty of his designs, there can be no doubt of the beauty of his colour schemes. Here are some of his views on the art he practises: "The artist should have a range within from tears to laughter, from visible to invisible, from obvious to infinity . . . In plastic art I believe there is a fourth dimension which may be described as the consciousness of a great and overwhelming sense of space-magnitude in all directions at one time, and is brought into existence through the three known measurements. It is not a physical entity or a mathematical hypothesis, nor an optical illusion. It is real and can be perceived and felt. It is somewhat similar to colour and depth in musical sound. It arouses imagination and stirs emotion. It is the immensity of all things. . . . I depend greatly upon that which I do not yet know."

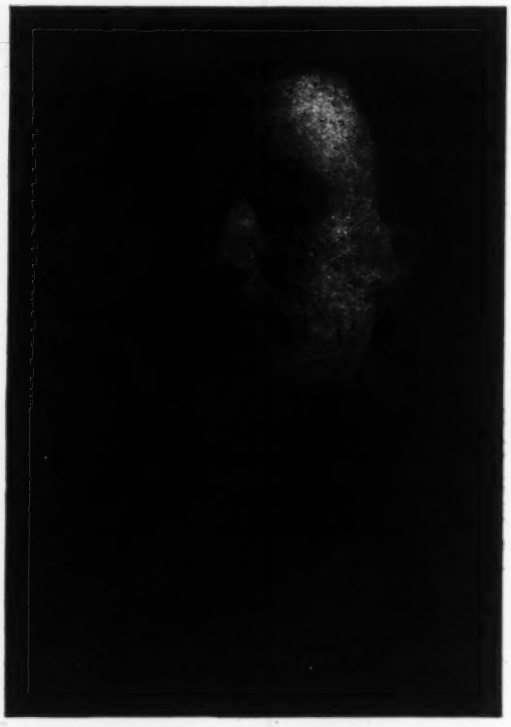


Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn.

Mr. Max Weber.

Our portrait of Mr. Max Weber is by Mr. Alvin Langdon Coburn, one of the most enthusiastic of his admirers. "Art is a serious and vital matter with Max Weber," writes Mr. Coburn, "not the amusement of an idle hour; and life is still more important; and they blend imperceptibly. If Weber were cast upon a desert island he would find some way to go on expressing himself. Naturally a primitive, he would hew himself a carving in stone or wood, for the creative impulse is unquenchable. A short time ago I sent him the Oxford edition of Blake's poetry, as I felt that there was much in common between these two. In thanking me for the book Weber has written things which I cannot resist quoting: 'A very rare visionary! He made spiritual the dynamics of the earthly as they are perceived by and through the senses. He touches the Unknown and he reveals. He is a poet for the philosopher of *truth*, not fact. He is wise without caution or precision. He gives, he helps, he enriches—he does not merely entertain.'"

Dr. Saleeby,
author of "The Progress of Eugenics" (Cassell).

Mr. Humfrey Jordan, the author of "Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust" (Putnam) writes to protest against our reviewer's suggestion last month that in this novel of Cambridge University life he "betrays a somewhat lamentable ignorance of the environment at which he tilts." Our reviewer asserted that "the Master of the college is not abruptly addressed as 'Master' . . . nor is a senior Fellow addressed colloquially as 'Senior,' but, strange as it may appear, by his name." No doubt, as Mr. Jordan observes, "there are, strange as it may appear, several colleges in Cambridge and several different usages," and he goes on to say that "in three colleges, at least, the Master is addressed abruptly as 'Master,' and that so frequently and clearly that the circumstance could not escape the most unobservant listener. Again, there is still living in Cambridge and dining, I believe, almost nightly in hall, an old gentleman, the senior Fellow of his college, who is addressed invariably as 'Senior,' whose name, although I have met him several times, I have never heard spoken. This may appear strange to your reviewer. It is familiar to those who know Cambridge." Well, it happens that our reviewer is also a Cambridge man and knows it fairly well. In reply to Mr. Jordan's letter he can only say that it is not the general practice to call a senior Fellow "Senior," and he never came across the exceptional old gentleman of Mr. Jordan's acquaintance, and that he regrets Mr. Jordan did not name the three colleges to which he refers, as he knows of no college at Cambridge where the Master is addressed as "Master." It is a small matter, anyhow; what is of more importance is that, apart from the little points in dispute, our reviewer warmly testified to the skilful character drawing in "Carmen and Mr. Dryasdust," and praised the story as a delightful one. His sin was limited to the setting up of his own experience against Mr. Jordan's.

Mr. W. G. Anderson.

Photo by Vandyk. **Mr. J. D. Beresford,**
whose new novel, "The House in Demetrius Road," Mr. Heinemann is publishing.

We record with much regret the death, after a short illness, of Mr. Walter Gowanlock Anderson, of the firms of Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, publishers, London and Edinburgh, and of Messrs. Anderson & Ferrier, bookbinders, Edinburgh. He died on the 9th April, at his residence, Drummond Place, Edinburgh, in his forty-eighth year. Mr. Anderson was the elder son of the late Mr. Robert Anderson, J.P., who for several years represented one of the City Wards in the Edinburgh Town Council. Coming to the firm in 1886, he joined his father and the late John Scott Ferrier as a partner

"Anna Bunston"
(Mrs. de Barry),

whose new poetic drama, "Jephthah's Daughter," Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing.

in 1893. On the death of Mr. Ferrier in 1910 he became senior partner with the late Mr. Ferrier's son, Mr. Angus Ferrier.

Captain Frank H. Shaw, whose new novel, "The Haven of Desire," is published by Messrs. Cassell, is a very popular writer of sea stories. A love for Clark Russell and Captain Marryatt had much to do with sending him to sea, and he followed that career from 1895 for eleven years, during the last few of which he took to writing stories in his spare time. His first literary success came with the publication of a short story in the *Captain*; after that he went sailoring for another eighteen months, still writing in such leisure as he had, and having in that period earned about fifty pounds he decided that if he gave all his time to working with his pen he could make a living wage by it. In the first year after he became an author by profession he earned some two hundred pounds; then came what he considers the turning point of his career when his work was taken up by the house of Cassell with which he has been associated ever since. His journeyings about the world, his experiences on sailing ships, tramp steamers, and liners are turned to excellent account in his novels, and to a large extent his new book, "The Haven of Desire," is autobiographical, though he confesses he has given to his hero many adventures that in reality happened to other people he has known.

Miss Helen C. Roberts.

whose new novel "A Free Hand" (Duckworth) is reviewed on page 101.

Captain F. H. Shaw.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton's second £1,000 Prize Competition, which has just closed, was confined exclusively to Colonial writers—the first competition of its kind to appeal directly to colonial talent. The results—which will be published shortly—should prove decidedly interesting. They now announce a third great Novel Competition in which prizes to the total value of 1,000 guineas will be awarded. It is open to all writers, and a special prize will be awarded to the best "first" novel entered. The adjudicators will be Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, Mr. A. E. W. Mason, and Sir William Robertson Nicoll. Full particulars and entry forms may be had on application to Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

MISS ETHEL SIDGWICK.

"THE revelation of woman to woman is often just as remarkable, for all the truisms on the subject, as the revelation of woman to man." That sentence of Miss Sidgwick's is, not the motive of, but the key to, the younger woman's fiction. At least, it is not always a motive. It is not, that is, always paraded as a definite thesis, something to be defended, something provocative; but very frequently it is the quite unconscious view of many modern novels. The old "new woman" had little if any of this. The group of the 'nineties—Sarah Grand, George Egerton, "Iota," Miss Robins, Mrs. Schreiner—were still adherents of the masculine view of the world; unwilling, struggling, but in spite of all effort, still viewing the world, and particularly woman in the world, from a standpoint essentially belonging to the old masculine order of things. They were rebels, and admitted, by rebellion, the existence and the power of the masculine ideal. On the whole, too, they gave that ideal the value which men give it; what they disputed was the rightness of it.

Miss Ethel Sidgwick.

Photo by Hills & Saunders.

Now, all that is changed. The younger women—and a few who have been writers for some time—are incredibly careless about the masculine ideal. It is no longer treated seriously. It is scarcely allowed to exist. It is parodied, misunderstood, ignored, soothed, smothered—anything rather than attacked. Young women of to-day are no longer occupied in arguing with such ideas as you find in Strindberg. They regard them as too futile even to be discussed. They win by evasion—win, for when you really exclude a dissonant view of life, evict it without any hankerings or back-thoughts, you have the victory. The enemy may go on digging and blasting and firing—but if you really treat him as a cross between a myth and a pismire, you are securely and serenely conqueror.

Only your victory has cost you something. And one can see in Miss Sidgwick's work what the price is likely to be. For myself, in politics and social ethics, I am a whole-hearted feminist. I have no doubt about the ideal to be aimed at; but I can see objections to the habit of behaving as if the ideal were already here. Such a habit has its awkwardnesses in actual life, but in art it seems to me to be fatal, and especially in the art of fiction.

We have had in the past a succession of novelists who have drawn men, with more or less success, as they are; and women as men like them to be. Even the bad woman has to be bad in a likeable way; your minx, or your virago, has to be thoroughly womanly. She exaggerates, that is, certain characteristics which men insist on regarding as peculiar to women. Of course, there are exceptions. Richardson certainly has a claim to be regarded as at least willing to draw woman as she is; and both Meredith and Trollope were not always content to take the ordinary man's part of aversion or affection.

The first women novelists scarcely attempted to alter this convention. The trick of adopting a masculine pseudonym has its real significance. I doubt if any woman, before this century, would not have preferred a man's approval of her work to a woman's. That, of course, was bound to alter; but there were two possible modes of change. One was that a new school of novelists, men and women, would try and get at the reality both of men and women—give us woman as reflected in her own glass, and man in his. The other, which has occurred, was that the new novelists should treat man as the old treated woman—give us, not the reality, but man in woman's mirror. Of course, the resultant work, especially as seen in Miss Meynell's and Miss Sidgwick's novels, has its excitements. It forces one's attention. In "Promise" and "Succession" the two books dealing with the musical prodigy, Antoine Edgell, there sometimes seem to be no men at all, except perhaps Jem. One asks, plaintively or eagerly, or with a smile, if men have really so soft an outline, make so vague an impression, talk so much and do so little as this crowd of musicians, Lemare and Duchatel, and Levinski and Charratteur? Then, if one is wise, one remembers that these are men as a very clever woman sees them; that for years we have admired men's women, accused of bias women who complain that this or that author does not really know women—and we read the new books again not so much to get conviction as information!

Yet I think the mistake made by these new "new women" is more serious than that made by the old-fashioned novelist. And the reason is simple. There is no question that the man's woman, either Dora or Becky, did and does exist in large quantities. The "masculine" view of man and of woman is upheld by the vast majority of women; we may dislike that fact and seek to alter it, but it is fatal for the novelist to

ignore it. And ignore it Miss Sidgwick does in her last book "A Lady of Leisure." There is no sign that she intends the people in the book to belong to any narrow, or elect coterie. Violet Ashwin's father is a great physician—not, I am glad to say, quite so magical as Savigny in "Succession," but still a little superhuman—her mother is a society woman of rather dangerous habits; her uncle, at whose vicarage much of the action passes, is a benevolent parson; and her work lies among the ordinary lower-middle class of London. Now Violet, living a curious, active life, was bound to meet some quite ordinary young men. There are still a number of them about; yet never one crosses her path. The hero is Charles Shovell, and his rarity is sufficiently indicated by the fact that he only knows one ordinary young man, and to him he scarcely ever speaks.

It is easy to get interested in Miss Sidgwick's characters. They have a certain nattiness, an intellectual nimbleness which makes them amusing to watch; but they do not move us. Mrs. Ashwin, who has no purpose save to be flippantly sensuous, somehow never contrives to be more than flippant; and indeed, one could say of many of Miss Sidgwick's characters that they fulfil their epithets and yet never achieve their destiny. Of Violet Ashwin herself this is not true. The new outlook does at any rate do this, it gives us an incomparable picture of the modern girl as she strikes herself—but does she so invariably have the luck (or the misfortune) to convert every one to her own views? Claude Ashwin, her father; Charles Shovell; Arthur Gibbs, the clerical uncle; even his practical second wife, and finally Alice Eccles, the respectable, downright lady in the dressmaking business, do not merely fall under Violet's spell, but accept her valuation of things. There are struggles. Charles has a period of heady love for Alice and Mrs. Gibbs is suspicious; but the only one who remains untouched is Violet's mother, and she seems so stupid to me that Violet's failure with her is a tribute to her charm. For charm must repel as well as attract. Yet while I believe firmly in Violet's reality, I cannot believe in her friends; and that is, I think, because Miss Sidgwick has not detached them enough. They are emanations of Violet. Perhaps this is best illustrated by the complete failure of the Vane-Peacock and Margery episode. Margery is Violet's cousin, Arthur Gibbs' daughter. Vane-Peacock is the vicarage gardener, "a tall imposing figure of a man." Margery uses Vane-Peacock as a model and falls violently in love with him. Miss Sidgwick makes no excuses for her; Margery, she writes, "was basely in love with a beautiful animal, and many have been likewise; men very openly and exultantly, and women in secret, and tormented."

The situation is a possible one. The reverse—the squire and the housemaid is commonplace enough; and I admit it is masculine prejudice which regards the one imbroglio as not unnatural and the other as degrading. But a novelist must *do* something about a situation of that kind. Miss Sidgwick merely states it, and at the crisis runs away from it by making Margery happen on her true lover at an opportune moment. I believe the reason is simple. Most men novelists—and a good many women—have often seen young men lose their heads over housemaids, and they know the housemaid's attitude. But Miss Sidgwick does not know what Vane-Peacock thought of his young mistress; she hasn't even observed such a situation, and she cannot imagine it, and so poor Vane-Peacock remains a kind of monster.

In his way Charles Shovell is a monster, too. His mother's verdict "You would really think Charles desired to be thought half-witted," may err on the side of harshness—yet in practice no one is harsh to Charles. That is the strangest thing in the new fiction: no young man gets the rebukes and the snubbings which would surely meet him in real life. Miss Sigdwick overrates the power of men's charm, just as she rather overdoes the conversational "foible" which is Charles's one accomplishment.

"A Lady of Leisure" is in atmosphere and treatment more akin to Miss Sidgwick's "Le Gentlemen" and "Herself" than to the books about Antoine Edgell. It deals mainly with superficial people, occasionally with their deeper emotions; but it avoids directness as much as its heroine. That it is a one-sided book is not to be taken as too violent an objection to it. We still need one-sided books. In the latest novel of one of our younger men, a character says "I can only speak as a woman, of course, but I know that what every woman ever born into this world has wanted is just to be taken by some one stronger than herself, and to be beaten or kissed, loved or strangled, as the case may be." So long as the masculine tradition is expressed in the pretentious insolence of such a speech as that, we do need that the feminine view should be stated as emphatically. Not, of course, that Miss Sidgwick indulges in such vulgar bravado; she does not even think that Claude Ashwin's conduct in marrying his wife is parallel to Margery Gibbs' passion for Vane-Peacock. No, she is content to show us woman in singular completeness—a completeness a little foreign from reality, for there is scarcely any conflict in "A Lady of Leisure," but still a completeness that leaves even prejudice no room to doubt woman's separate existence. Yet I hope she will remember that while the aspect she gives us is true enough, there is a good deal left out of the picture. No one wants men's men any longer—tiresome, noisy, with an Olympian habit of occasional condescension; but we do not want too big a gallery of women's men either. Let the new "new women" profit by the mistake of the old novelists. Let them try and catch man in his non-social moods, and remember that he is a fellow-creature who in the past has done a good deal in the world.

Miss Sidgwick has given us here, in the portrait of Violet, a splendid example of "the revelation of woman to woman"; is it too much to hope that she may give us a revelation of "man to woman"? For that is what we want, and what, except in broken glimpses, we have never yet had; man, and not woman's idea of man, shown us with sympathy and truth by a woman.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

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THE READER.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL.

By Holbrook Jackson.

WRITING is endless and multiform, and we are aided little by discussions as to what is best and worst, what highest and lowest, what ephemeral and what immortal. Such considerations too often begin as quibbles and end as squabbles. But it matters all the same whether the writings of a man are useful or not, whether they contribute to the greater or the lesser needs of mind or imagination or soul, or all three if all three are one, which is probable, even though none can vouch for it. When, therefore, I say that in the present age (when everybody writes or would like to write) that writing has a fuller chance of being useful and even valuable which runs the risk of being sacrificed to action, it must not be concluded that I am attempting to belittle literary achievement. Literature needs no defence; it carries its own commendation to be appreciated by those concerned in the fullness of time. Criticism neither speeds nor retards its acceptance. But in the present age, when, as I say, there is superfluity of writing both actual and potential, it is virtuous of a writer who has written well to refrain from writing, or to limit his writing, that he may do more disinterested work in another sphere of activity. Such virtue is the reward of Israel Zangwill, novelist, playwright and wit, who now gives to humanity much of what he previously gave to art. Neither is his literary work stifled by the sacrifice; what little he now writes is broader and deeper, and the larger creativeness of his earlier years invites renewed acquaintance far more than if he had been a writer who writes and writes and does nothing between whiles. The utility of literature depends finally upon the quality of the thing said rather than upon the manner of saying it. Those who are in peril of coming to love literature better than they love life must learn that lesson. It is the doer, not the thinker or even the dreamer, who has the best things to say, could he but say them. Unfortunately it is only in rare instances that he can do other than say them by the proxy of a skilled writer, for whom doing is inconsistent with being. But it is the rare exceptions, wherein ideas and art unite with dynamic personality, that our bewildered and apathetic age is most in need. We return to the work of such writers with ever-new curiosity and hope at times when the need of action exceeds that of dreaming, for where there is no action vision perishes.

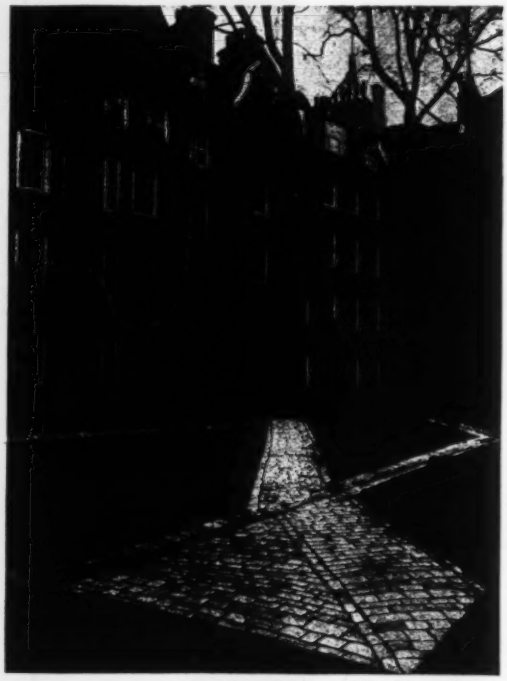
Israel Zangwill.

I.

Readers of Israel Zangwill's earliest books might have been forgiven if they had prophesied for him a dazzling career as a literary entertainer. It is not easy to find in English literature such abundant wit and humour, such unabashed delight in mental quips and cranks, puns and tricks of thought and phrase, as you find in "The Premier and the Painter," "The Bachelors' Club" and "The Old Maids' Club." These books gush with that intellectual cleverness which came to be known as "brilliant." Whistler invented it; Oscar Wilde translated it into literature; Bernard Shaw still wields it as a sword, and Gilbert Chesterton as a prestidigitator of Notre Dame. With Zangwill it was different. He seemed, in these early books, to be doing nothing more serious than having a good time. But the critic with half an eye might have detected a higher seriousness behind the exuberant merriment of "The Premier and the Painter," written in collaboration with Mr. Louis Cowen, but bearing what we now recognise as the Zangwill touch on every page. Here is no mere Merrie Andrew, but one who comes in cap and bells because he likes the tinkle of the jester's head-gear and is not blind to its value as a means of attraction. There is nothing original or unusual in such a method. It was old when Shakespeare adopted it, although in his day authors had not discovered the art of playing Touchstone in person on the platform and in the Press.

With the exception of a few early adventures Zangwill's wit is as purposeful as Shaw's. He baits his earnestness with merriment hoping to make you laugh, or rather, smile and grow wise. And if he himself is under no illusion as to the limitations of fun—"To start anything exclusively funny," he says, "is a serious mistake"—there are times when the readiness of his wit overbalances his sense of proportion. His cleverness verges on the prodigious and the prodigality of his wit is always astounding and often disturbing. He has put enough of it in "The Premier and the Painter" to make three reputations, but too much to make one. The mind can stand an orgy of anything but wit. Wit must be the salt, not the dish: Zangwill has made it the feast. In several of his earlier books and in the more recent volume of shrewd and wise essays and comments, "Without Prejudice," you never feel safe for a moment, the

most innocent of sentences may end in an explosion. The experience is like being perpetually awakened out of pleasant dreams by warning detonators. Perhaps that was Zangwill's intention, but I suspect he was just enjoying himself. At the same time he does not attempt to sustain the interest of his finest books by facile brilliance, he can be as proportionate and as reticent as Meredith, and his comic study (comic in the Meredithian sense) of a Hebrew beggar in "The King of Schnorrers," is a masterpiece of comedy approaching humour, but too subtle to be labelled humorous, although you have to go back to such great humorous conceptions as Sir John Falstaff and Mr. Wilkins Micawber to find



Mr. Zangwill's Chambers, 3, Hare Court, Temple
(on the fourth floor, to the left of entrance).
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

the equal of that luxuriously named mendicant, Manasseh Bueno Barzillai Azevedo da Costa. But, after all, he only came to the great public in cap and bells, Israel Zangwill's natural seriousness found earlier expression in several short studies, perfect of their kind, which were afterwards collected in a volume called "Ghetto Tragedies," and are now included in "They that Walk in Darkness." These first appeared in an obscure Jewish "Annual," and were hopelessly veiled from the ken of all but a few readers of his own race.

II.

There is something fitting in this first flight of a Hebrew genius in his own world bearing inspired records of the tragic life of his people, for the outer happiness of the Jews is often the cloak of sorrow; their jests are masks. By writing in English Israel Zangwill has not only revealed the tragedy and the comedy of Jewry to the English speaking members of this race, he has also revealed it to a nation which still took its knowledge of the Jew from the *naïveté* of Shakespeare's Shylock and the stale buffoonery of the comic papers. Rarely has destined task fallen upon better shoulders. Zangwill is adapted by birth, experience, gifts and temperament to communicate between ineradicable Israel and absorbing England. He was born in London fifty years ago of parents to whom England spelt sanctuary. His father, Moses Zangwill, burdened with dreams and race-consciousness, escaped from a Russian military prison, where he had lain under sentence of death for refusing, whilst in the army, to eat food which had not been consecrated according to Jewish rite. He arrived in London about the year 1850, and married a woman of his own race, who although born in Poland was of remote Spanish descent. There were five children, three boys and two girls, all of whom possessed more than the average mental gifts, and both of Israel's brothers. Mark and Louis, have artistic claims to recognition, the latter especially who, under the pseudonym "Z.Z.," has written "A Drama in Dutch" and other novels. Israel Zangwill was educated, for the most part, at the famous Jewish Free School in Whitechapel, where in the race for honours he left all behind him, winning the principal scholarship three years in succession, graduating at London University with triple honours. After leaving school he became a teacher, but with the full intention of getting into journalism as soon as possible. This occurred sooner even than he expected, for friction arising over a point of school discipline, Zangwill resigned; but not before he had proved his efficiency as a teacher by seeing every one of the sixty boys in his class pass in every subject at the annual examination.

Thus equipped with ability and a mind of his own, Israel Zangwill came to art. He did not come, however, as a business man marketing a gift. He had something to say and he desired to say it in the most effective manner; so he became a writer, recording at first the tragedy and achievement of the Jewish people and, later, interpreting the spirit of the age apropos of Hebrew and Christian morals and mysticism. Bare historic or philosophic statement could not have achieved his aim; indeed, that aim has been to give artistic form to the existing records of historian and philosopher plus the results of his own observation of ideas and happenings; where the former worked to impress the mind by intellectual processes, Zangwill sought to move the imagination by artistic processes. He goes so far as to distinguish, in a double sense, artistic from scientific truth. "Artistic truth is for me," he writes, "literally the highest truth: art may seize the essence of persons and movements no less truly, and certainly far more vitally, than a scientific generalisation unifies a class of phenomena. Time and space are only the conditions through which spiritual facts struggle." The spiritual facts of Jewish history and of modern Jewish life have received their highest and most convincing expression in English, in such books as "Children of the Ghetto," "Dreamers of the Ghetto," "The King of Schnorrers," and "They that Walk in Darkness." From the point of view of art his great achievement is the re-statement of the seemingly eternal tragedy of Israel in the light of modern experience and modern culture. And he has done this with fitting seriousness and a most gracious and refreshing sense of humour.

It is impossible to read this remarkable cycle of Jewish studies without being moved by the mastery of the

Mr. and Mrs. Zangwill.

From a photograph taken in the balcony of an hotel at Basle in 1905, during the Zionist Conference there, at which the Jewish Territorial Organisation was founded.

Jews over life—yes, and death. Shakespeare, who had probably never seen a Jew, makes Shylock the mere symbol of an exacting business man who is permitted to claim relationship with the rest of humanity on the grounds of senses which are possessed in common. But there is nothing in Shylock's claims to human kinship which might not with equal logic have made him kin with cat or dog—nothing, save the claim that if a Jew is tickled he will laugh. It is clear that Shakespeare did not visualise the Jew as fully human. When he made Falstaff plead, "I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew," he associated himself with the popular conception of the Jew as rogue and outlaw. Dickens probably held a similar view when he created Fagin, but he sought to make amends in a later book by fashioning a Jew as impossibly good as Fagin was impossibly evil. Zangwill, on the other hand, having had the most intimate experience of Jews, and possessing both a sense of humour and a sense of fact, gives us a more convincing idea of his compatriots than we have yet had or are likely to have. But he does not give us only realistic portraiture, after the manner of the newer novelists of his early days; nor does he strive particularly to see the good and bad, and to apportion praise and blame, after the manner of pre-Meredithian novelists. He knows the Jew to be human, not only because he hath "hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions," but because he is capable of the same virtues and vices, the same splendours and the same littlenesses as other human beings; that he is in short compact of good and bad like the rest of us. But he does not commit the opposite folly of concluding therefore that the Jew is not different. That would have left us where Shakespeare and Dickens stood. He knows the Jew is different and that this difference is surmounted only by a genius for adaptability.

These differences are revealed in his Jewish studies, which have always astonished Gentiles by their fairness in recognising the evil as well as the good among Jews. But that is no more an example of fairness than similar qualities in English or Scotch novelists. It is simply the faculties of observation and visualisation crystallised in art. Israel Zangwill sees the Jew steadily and sees him whole. Any equally capable artist might have done the same; any equally capable artist in letters might have wrung our hearts with the pathos, or moved our souls with the tragedy of Jewry; just as any equally capable writer might have raised

Mr. Zangwill in his Study at Far End.

Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN on 9th April, 1914.

our eyebrows or our laughter by records of Jewish cunning or humour. Zangwill has done all of these things and more. He has realised the irony of the age-long drama of Israel in a world to which she has given inventors and scientists, philosophers and artists, poets and prophets and Gods, but without, as a race, providing herself with a place to lay her head. He draws the modern Jew in all his squalor, whether of poverty, in Whitechapel, or of luxury, in Park Lane (both squalors having sprung from like causes), on a background of race-splendour. He communicates to us his vivid consciousness of the tragedy of this dream-fed race which has poured into the world treasures of the spirit and the imagination, whilst forging the metal of its permanence in bondage, migration and oppression.

Mr. Zangwill's residence, Far End, East Preston, Sussex.

From the garden, south-east, windows overlooking the sea. Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

III.

The literary portrayal of an absorbing race-passion was not enough for Israel Zangwill, so he turned from the luxury of composition and personal expression to the exacting work of the practical reformer, with its unsparing demands upon time and energy, its disturbing differences of opinions, and its hungry cry for diplomatic and administrative genius. The constant migration of Jews from European countries to America and other lands and the growing tendency towards restrictions against alien immigration, have given a new and urgent meaning to the problem of Jewish emigration. Attempts to settle the problem are being made by three different organisations. The first, known as the Zionist Movement, seeks to re-establish the Hebrew race in Palestine —the ancient and original land of Judæa—and still the Promised Land. The second is the Jewish Colonisation Association, to which the late Baron Hirsch bequeathed a vast fortune; and the third is the Jewish Territorial Organisation, whose President is Israel Zangwill. The first of these associations does not look for immediate achievement. It is idealist; and the reclamation of Palestine is not yet within the bounds of contemporary diplomacy. But the objects of the other two are severely practical; the former by giving grants-in-aid and other personal help to intending Jewish colonists, and the establishment of Jewish colonial reservations in countries such as Argentine and other accessible realms. There are differences of opinion as to the value of this work, the chief of which is based in the argument that colonisation without territorial autonomy does not provide sufficient safeguards for the permanent protection of the settlers. Zangwill and the Jewish Territorial Organisation (called the "ITO" for short) hold to the view that there is no final hope for those Jews who cannot or will not remain in the lands in which they at present live, except in the establishment of an autonomous territory, in which they may live as free citizens responsible only to their own laws and customs, and working out their own political and social redemption.

"The territory," says Israel Zangwill, "chosen for the concentration of our emigration must be of such a nature that, provided the masses emigrate to it, nothing but their own fault shall prevent its growing up into a Jewish homeland. Dirt has been defined as only matter in the wrong place. That which in the house is mud, is, in the field outside, beautiful soil. If the Jew has been treated as dirt, it is because he has drifted into somebody else's house instead of remaining soil for his own fruits. Since the days of Pharaoh—as we have seen—the Jewish problem has come from the multiplication of the Jew in the wrong place. Let this multiplication but take place on the right soil and under the right conditions, and instead of creating a Jewish problem it creates a Jewish country. 'Lest they multiply!' That is the dread, not only of Pharaoh, but of our Jews themselves, in London, in New

From the north-east, showing part of garden and tennis lawn. **Far End, East Preston.**

Mrs. Zangwill.

Mr. I. Zangwill.

York, in Paris, in Berlin, and 'Scatter the Jews' has long been their one scheme of salvation. While the followers of other faiths say that their *faith* must be spread abroad, the Jews say that not their faith but *they* must be spread abroad. This is an idea so opposed to the common sense of mankind, which knows that union is strength, and that safety lies in numbers, that it is the best evidence of the mental malady that results from having no roots in a soil of your own. In ITOland we shall not say 'Lest they multiply!' but 'Let them multiply!'"

But in spite of the munificent material expressions of race-consciousness on the part of many wealthy Jews, and the enthusiastic support of those who are not wealthy, there is much apathy among all classes, and the President of the ITO has had to thunder against the indifference of those members of his race who have been strong enough or lucky enough to save themselves.

"Do you not remember," he said, at the close of his Presidential Address at the Manchester ITO Conference in 1907, "how in this country only a few years back, men, young, noble, rich, were throwing away their lives for England, how the stateliest homes were like those Egyptian houses over which the destroying Angel had passed, leaving no house without its dead? But where is the *Jew*, young, noble, rich, who will throw away his life for his people? In the Japanese war the highest ladies of Japan spent their days, shut up in wards and roughly-clad like convicts, making antiseptic bandages for the wounded. Where is the noble Jewish lady who spends her days making bandages for the wounds of her people? Hunting and horse-racing, balls and dinners and operas are legitimate enough in the piping times of peace; but when we are on a war footing, when the agony of our people cries to us from the shambles of Russia to the *Mellahs* of Morocco, and from the *Hara* of Tunis to the ruined villages of Roumania, then I say that if our upper classes do not pause in their pleasurings and make a supreme effort of salvation, the blood

Mr. Zangwill's two eldest children, aged 3½ and 7 years.
Specially taken for THE BOOKMAN.

of their brothers will cry out against them from the ground. And not only against them, but against every Jew, however lowly, who has done less than his utmost. Judea expects every man to do his duty."

Mr. Zangwill in his Study at Far End.

From a painting by Polowetski.

At the same time a vast amount of work has been done by the ITO. Commissions have been established for territorial investigation, and elaborate reports of the findings of these Commissions in reference to Cyrenaica and Angola have been issued. But whilst every chance is taken for the promotion of the ultimate aim of an autonomous Jewish Homeland, the immediate needs of emigrating Jews are not overlooked and much valuable work is done for the convenience, comfort and safety of the eternal army of wandering Jews, most of whom look to America as the land of Deliverance.

Zangwill has interpreted this passion for American freedom in "The Melting Pot." That play, with its prophetic ardour and its abounding human love, has moved the heart of Jew and Gentile on both sides of the Atlantic. Critics have argued whether it is a good play or a bad play from the point of view of dramatic art—but such considerations in the light of the uplifting tragedy of a race could only occur to whippersnapper minds. "The Melting Pot" succeeds by power of impression and not by approximation to canons of art. It is not a problem play even, it is a message-play, a modern gospel of race-fusion. Not since Walt Whitman wrote "Leaves of Grass" have we had so inspiring a picture of America—"God's Crucible, the Great Melting-Pot, where all the races of Europe are melting and re-forming!" Out of this crucible wherein the warring nations are purged of their feuds and hatreds and vendettas, will arise the real American—"the fusion of all races, perhaps the coming superman."

IV.

It is characteristic of the eternal paradox of the human mind that one of the most distinguished and race-conscious members of the most indestructible of races should be the advocate of race-fusion. Yet it is not so strange as it may seem at first. The Jews are a race and not a nation, and fusion is the destiny of all races. That is how races die to live. The Jews have always survived by their genius for fusion. There is as much difference between a French Jew and an English Jew as there is between a Frenchman and an Englishman, yet the Jew is no less a Jew for all that. Wise nations do not destroy race characteristics, they use them. The Jew is generally a good patriot if patriotism be permitted him. In England his patriotism is so enthusiastic that it runs to Jingoism, and for the same reason that David Quixano's American patriotism in "The Melting Pot" ran to prophetic idealism. The support of the Jew may therefore be depended upon in all efforts towards practical internationalism. America is not the only melting-pot. The world is a melting-pot to-day, and the Hebrew no less than any other race, is in the crucible—but as a leavening medium. From causes such as these Israel Zangwill, son of a Russian Jew, has become an English Jew, not only interpreting his race to the English, but to the Jews; mastering English life and literature, and taking his place in English letters and controversy, whilst retaining his racial characteristics, and developing in himself and others a new chivalry of the Brotherhood of Man. His novels, "The Master" and "The Mantle of Elijah," are English works holding their own in the great tradition of the English novel; as his practical sympathy with the demand for Women's Enfranchisement is in the tradition of English political evolution; whilst his plays "The War God," "The Next Religion," and "The Melting-Pot," and his latest prose work "Italian Fantasies," reveal the universalism of the prophet of world-peace, which long since ought to have won for him the Nobel Prize.

Books live not because of any knowledge they contain, for knowledge soon becomes outmoded; neither do they live by reason of exquisite finish of workmanship, for art dies when the thing it meant is no longer a human need. Longevity is no test of art; a work of art should fill its time whether that time be a moment, an hour, a year, a century, or any number of centuries. But a book has a greater chance of life if it is a work of art revealing some unfathomable source of human ecstasy or power. Race has nothing to do with this, neither has nationality, nor religion. The thing that makes a work of art live is the same as that which determines the life of a race, or a nation, or a religion. It is spiritual power. Applying this test to the works of Israel Zangwill,

and after making every allowance for what may be called the temporal delight one may glean from any or all of them, the laurels might be awarded to the following in the order named: "They That Walk in Darkness," "Dreamers of the Ghetto," "The King of Schnorrers," "Children of the Ghetto," and "Italian Fantasies." Here are books drawn from the spiritual deeps; they reveal the soul of a people and the soul of a man. More, they add something tragic, something humorous, something carefully observed, and something honestly thought, to a literature already rich in these things, but not so rich as to be weary of receiving fresh treasures. There is equal art and fine intent in his other books, and they are as alive to-day as when they were first published, but the best things in them are better in the books named, and what remains remains for our day, and not for the far-away day when people will yet stay the tear over the "Diary of a Meshumad," "Satan Mekatrig," and "Incurable," and stop to marvel over "Joseph the Dreamer," "The People's Saviour," "From a Mattress Grave," and "The Joyous Comrade," and to laugh over Manasseh da Costa and his subject, Yankele.

There is a prefatory sonnet to "Dreamers of the Ghetto," in which Zangwill describes how he saw two Jews in a dream:

> "One old, stern eyed, deep browed, yet garlanded
> With living light of love around his head,
> The other young, with sweet seraphic glance."

They were Moses and Jesus, and they stood askance from one another, regarding the "Town's satanic dance," when:

> "Sudden from Church out rolled an organ hymn,
> From synagogue a loudly chaunted air,
> Each with its Prophet's high acclaim instinct.
> Then for the first time met their eyes, swift-linked
> In one strange, silent, piteous gaze, and dim
> With bitter tears of agonised despair."

Israel Zangwill, realising the pathos of godliness, realises also the camaraderie of all religions and the fraternity of Judaism and Christianity. I have placed "Italian Fantasies" among his greater books because, in a welter of scholarship, observation, criticism, wit and wisdom, he reveals the processes of the mind which imagined, with so much Christian love, those Ghetto tragedies which express the fulness of his genius. This book, masquerading as a travel-book, is really a confessional, an autobiography, the record of a soul's adventures among master-ideas. Many years hence it will be read as we read Montaigne and Sir Thomas Browne. To-day it is a commentary on contemporary life; modern, yet ripe; conservative among the verities, yet abundant in provocation; generous to the past, yet lavishly seductive of the future. And over-glamouring every page there is an irony which answers many a crude hope by tickling the reader into charity with all men. These Italian fantasies are Israel Zangwill's apologia conceived, not in the spirit of contrition, but in the spirit of interpretation; he has used Italy as a lay-figure, and made her the symbol of the world's glory and folly—but, as in all his works, it is the glory that survives in promise of performance.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1914.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original Lyric.

[SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

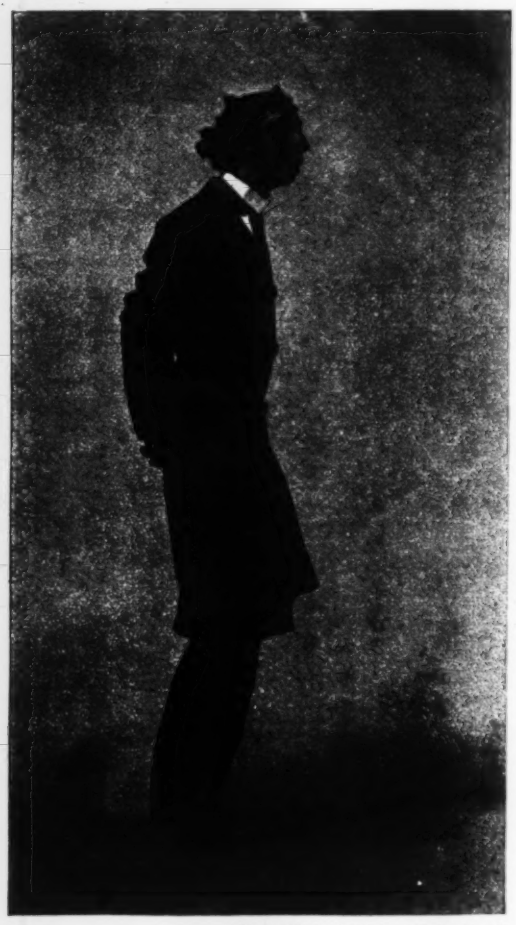
II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best rhyming alphabet of living British novelists, on the lines of "A was an Archer"—the second half of each line giving some idea of the character of the author's work.

Photo by Wrather & Buys.

The Melting Pot at Work.

Scene from "The Melting Pot."
Miss Phyllis Relph. Mr. Walker Whiteside.



"A Child of the Ghetto."

Reproduced from *Vanity Fair* of 25th February, 1897, by permission of the proprietors.

IV.—A Prize of Half a Guinea is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of their review.

V.—A copy of The Bookman will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for The Bookman Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestions submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—A Prize of One Guinea for the best original lyric is awarded to Mr. Cyril G. E. Bunt, 101, Ravenslea Road, Balham, London, S.W.

TO MY BABY IN HEAVEN.

Dear Baby eyes
So blue, now blessed to see
God's Paradise
Of love eternally,
Look from thy sphere
Of angel ministry,
Upon thy sorrowing mother here,
And me.

Oh Baby ears
Now open to receive
The sighs and tears
Of all on Earth who grieve,
Give heed, and take
Thy mother's sighs to be,
Prayers from a heart that's like to break
For thee.

Dear Baby tongue,
That could not speak on earth,
Pray for the one
Whose pure love gave thee birth;
Speak thou apart
To God, whom thine eyes see,
Ask Him to heal thy mother's heart
For me.

We also select for printing:

THE HOME-GOING.

I will go my way, ere night, to the grassy places
And lay my head in the lane, where the soil smells sweet,
Where the bindweed climbs pale-lipped to the dwale's embraces,
And the thorn's a great white lamp for my coming feet.
I shall staunch my tears once more with the scent of clover,
I shall bathe my wounds again in the healing showers,
When the careless, stintless cup of the dawn runs over—
Yet, no! I would not go in the time of flowers.

I will take the road, ere long, to the orchard-closes,
Where the light goes thickened and soft through the laden boughs,
Where the ripe red gathered heap on the ground reposes,
And the air's like wine that's spilt at a king's carouse.
I shall find the rest that I lack here, waking or sleeping,
While my heart keeps measure again with the blackbird's flute,
And the far-off unseen sound from the fields of reaping—
Yet, no! I'd not be there in the time of fruit.

But I'll bide—I'll bide my hour till the last leaf's crumbled
And the harvest's over and gone with its noisy zest!
For there never was pride like his whom the world has humbled,
And I'd have no jewel or cloak on my mother's breast!
The earth must be bare, like me, to the stark stern weather,
The earth must be done, like me, with the trouble of growth;
And, with never a word or a wish, we will wait together
For whatever it was God meant when He made us both.

(G. M. Hort, 12, Cecil Road, Harlesden, N.W.)

A LOVE LYRIC.

Butterflies gold and red
Fly to her, fly to her,
Hover around her head!
Cry to her, cry to her
Sweet-throated thrushes!
Sigh to her, sigh to her
Whispering rushes!

Scent of syringa-trees
Blow to her, blow to her,
Soft on the morning breeze,
Go to her, go to her!
Bow your small faces
Low to her, low to her,
Delicate daisies!

She's a child, waterfall
Leap to her, play for her!
She is the Queen of all,
Creep to make way for her!
But that she's womanly
Weep for her, pray for her
Willow and yew-tree!

(Gerald Venning, 5, Stanley Mansions, Park Walk, S.W.)

SEPTEMBER 20TH: 9.30 P.M.

Last night I heard the "Last Post" bugle-call
As you have often heard it with me too.
It sounded clarion-sweet across the park,
But then I did not know it called for you.

Dear, you were wise to rest when you were told,
And I am wise to work, where work must be;—
But when I think of all the empty hours,
It makes me wish "Last Post" would sound for me.

(C. M. Ritchie, 14, Church Terrace, Blackheath, S.E.)

We specially commend the lyrics sent in by M. Hayward (Brockham Green), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), Frank Savage (Ramsgate), M. E. P. (Wimbledon), F. P. Plummer (Ontario, Canada), Mrs. M. C. Turner (Betchworth), Mrs. Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), S. B. Irene Bell (Highgate), K. Royds (West Hampstead), B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle), Marjorie Winifred Crosbie (Herne Bay), Mrs. Gordon Lawne (Glasgow), B. Malim (Grantham), O. D. (Leigh), Mrs. Edith Furniss (Meols), Mrs. Stephen Parker (Goole), Margaret K. Mc.Evoy (Cricklewood), Eveline Emily Ife (Plumsted Common), Launcleot H. Stackey (Lambeth),

John Beverley (Croydon), Helen Cooke (Croydon), Arthur S. Wilshere (Dalston), Thomas Law (Lanarkshire), G. M. Hennings (St. Albans), W. G. Greig (Whetstone), M. A. Newman (Brighton), R. B. Ince (Jarvis Brook), Doris Rochefort (Stoke Newington), Mary M. Wilshere (Victoria Park), Elsie S. Mead (Burnley), Walter C. Wilson (Luton), Eleanor Butt (Ludlow), Alex M. Reid (Motherwell), T. D. I. Waugh (Tottington), Sydney Ralph Noyes (Paris), Mrs. A. E. Wise (Leicester), Frank N. Jellicoe (Stockwell), Miss Jean Wilson (Hale), H. B. Dawes (Birkdale), S H. Thabvala (Bombay), Frederick Victor Branford (Edinburgh), A. E. Pearson (Nottingham), A. W. Jay (Devonport), E. Fray (Upper Norwood), C. A. Bright-Donovan (Wexford), Emily Kington (Perthshire), Robert D. Roosmale-Cocq (Sandown), Arbel M. Ardous (Hendon).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Mr. Charles Powell, of 290, Oxford Road, Manchester, for the following:

THE COST OF WINGS. By RICHARD DEHAN. (Heinemann.)

"The cats in all the country side
Were sleeker than before."

R. C. BOSANQUET, *The Dean's Story.*

We also select for printing:

THE WAR OFFICE, PAST AND PRESENT. By CAPTAIN OWEN WHEELER. (Methuen.)

"You mustn't ask no questions, and you won't be told no lies."

W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Miss C. M. Ritchie, 14, Church Terrace, Blackheath, S.E.)

THE WAY OF THE STRONG. By RIDGWELL CULLUM. (Chapman & Hall.)

"And when I had what he had not
He always took it on the spot."

FREDERICK E. WEATHERLY, *Mon Ami.*

(Elsie R. Dickson, 84, Kensington Park Road, W.)

THE WIFE IN ANCIENT AND IN MODERN TIMES. By E. SCHUSTER. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

"Something between a hindrance and a help."

WORDSWORTH, *Michael.*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

WHY SHE LEFT HIM. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (Long.)

"Was there a nearer one
Still, and a dearer one?"

THOMAS HOOD, *Bridge of Sighs.*

(Muriel Jones, 2, Mirador Villas, Uplands, Swansea.)

WHY SHE LEFT HIM. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (Long.)

"I have no other but a woman's reason."

SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

(Louis E. W. Raeton, Douai Abbey, Woolhampton, R.S.O., Berks.)

PRISONS AND PRISONERS. By LADY CONSTANCE LYTTON. (Heinemann.)

"Swallow, my sister, O sister, swallow!"

SWINBURNE, *Hylas.*

(Charles Powell, 290, Oxford Road, Manchester.)

III.—The PRIZE OF THREE BOOKS for the best four-line epigram supposed to be written by any famous character in fiction, on the author who created him is awarded to Mr. William Sutherland, 2, North Grove, Roker, Sunderland, for the following:

EPIGRAM BY CHARACTER ON AUTHOR.
PROFESSOR CHALLENGER ("The Poison Belt," etc.)

Of Doyle I have but this to state—
Fools only disagree—
The man must be supremely great,
For he created *me*.

The best of the many others received are those by Ewing T. Ritchie (Blackheath), Robert B. Boswell (Southampton), Miss A. Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Philip A. Hall (Beaconsfield), Kitty Cairns (Dublin), E. A. Rowe (Gt. Yarmouth), Bertha Deane-Freeman (Kingstown), Mrs. J. Ford (Oxford), James Robertson (London, S.W.), Robert Veitch (Penicuik), Miss Ritchie (Blackheath), Marie Russell (Glasgow), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), C. A. Bayley (Bangor), Rev. F. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Thomas Law (Holytown), L. Bayley (Bangor), Alice Wise (Leicester), Horace W. Walker (Beeston), Agnes Glynn (Gort), J. C. Church (Castleford), Rev. E. C. Lansdowne (Birmingham), G. M. Northcott (Birkenhead).

IV.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in a hundred words is awarded to Mr. W. E. George, of 86, Queen's Drive, Crosshill, Glasgow, for the following:

I. Zangwill.

From a caricature by J. W. Gipsbury.

THE TRUTH ABOUT AN AUTHOR. By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Methuen.)

This book will henceforth be indispensable to a proper understanding of Arnold Bennett. Shamelessly autobiographical, it traces his literary career from the paragraphist in a provincial paper, through years as occasional contributor to newspapers and journals, editorship of a ladies' paper, dramatic critic and reviewer, sensational serialist and novelist, to a secure position in the world of letters. We may regret that the eye has always been to the main chance rather than the highest literary ideal—yet novelists must live! Admitting that, we can enjoy this insight into the author's character, and revel in literary life behind the scenes.

We also select for printing:

DODO THE SECOND. By E. F. BENSON. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Most of us have forgotten Dodo; even meeting her again as a very charming woman of forty-five may not recall her, but it is worth while to meet her like this for the first time. Also her daughter is an interesting person, and Mr. Benson is at his very best in this atmosphere of keen-witted "ego-maniacs" who say anything to each other, and follow their own sweet will with no ill-feeling either expected or ensuing. No one without a sense of humour should read this book and no one with it should on any account miss it.

(W. M. Lodge, 7, Gatestone Road, Upper Norwood.)

ON THE STAIRCASE. By FRANK SWINNERTON. (Methuen.)

Mr. Swinnerton succeeds in delighting, because he is above everything else a student of human nature, and presents to us eminently living people. Whether he is drawing a successful man or a failure, a suffragette or a whining wife, a happy girl or a self-effacing mother, he is equally at his ease, and produces really brilliant studies. His last book centres round two men of totally different types; one is morbid, egotistical, a failure; the other, cheerful, unselfish, successful. The contrast is excellently maintained throughout; the many interests of the tale well-balanced and cleverly interwoven. A really brilliant novel.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by Miss M. J. Dobie (Chester), Miss M. E. Kennedy (Dublin), Hilda Ridley (Buffalo, U.S.A.), Margaret L. Murison (Gorakhpur, India), L. R. Krishnaswamy (Bangalore, India), Violet A. Sulivan (Woodbridge), Mary J. F. Bittleston (Tilford, Surrey), Miss A. G. M. Sopwith (Handsworth), Muriel M. B. Aikman (Kelvinside), H. S. Pridham (Portsmouth), J. Brian ffolkes (Bromyard), Gertrude M. Elwood (Grimsby), J. G. Stanton (South Wigston, Philip A. Hall (Beaconsfield), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), T. Disney (Clifton), Cyril G. Taylor (Heswall), Lucy Chamberlain (Llandudno), Marie Russell (Glasgow), Miss Ritchie (Blackheath, S.E.), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), "Mauve Shirt" (Chesterfield), Annie L. Beal (Barnes, S.W.), Katharine Abraham (Devizes), Dorothy F. Ticehurst (Cheltenham), H. Ellis (Leicester), Miss Evelyn Winterton (South Hampstead, N.W.), Beatrice Bunting (West Hartlepool), Ronald H Ridd (Hampstead, N.W.), E. Christina Lewers (Berry, N.S.W.), Mrs. W. L. Saunt (Kensington, W.), Dorothy Ensor (Cardiff), and Leo Delicati (Bristol).

V.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss M. A. Newman, 19, Sudeley Street, Kemp Town, Brighton.

A. K. H. B.*

INSPIRED by Mr. E. V. Lucas, and propped on either hand—if we may believe the publisher's note—with the counsel of Sir William Robertson Nicoll and Professor Hepburn Millar (on one side the literary parent of the famous Kailyard school of fiction and on the other their profane critic now *rangé* and repentant), a son of the late Dr. Boyd of St. Andrews has dipped a pious cup in the considerable stream of his father's writings, and this Messrs. Nelson, in their shilling series, are holding to the lips of the present generation. So far as can be judged from the tone of the reviewers, the little volume has found a welcome. The most influential of living critics pronounces it "a shillingsworth of ripe and genial wisdom rarely to be found." The *Spectator* hopes that "this pleasant book will go far to revive the reputation of 'Boyd of St. Andrews.'" Probably in choosing from a vast mass of writing, the quality of which is level, it was difficult to go wrong. But whatever may be said of the papers selected they are at least characteristic of the author. On the fly-leaf Bishop Wordsworth's beautiful lines in Latin address his friend and neighbour as *Rustice Pastor*, felicitating him on how many weary men and how many sad hearts, he, seeking his own recreation, has "recreated." Follow two of the best-known essays from the first series of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," the first of all Dr. Boyd's essays, that "Concerning the Country Parson's Life" with its picture, perhaps somewhat idealised, of Kirkpatrick Irongray, the author's second parish; and another on that "Art of Putting Things," of which the essayist is himself believed to have had the secret. These illustrate the author's method in the book which made him known beyond the confines of the Scottish parish. An essay on Professor Buchanan, of Glasgow, is the first and probably the best of certain personal sketches, which include Charles Kingsley, Lord Chancellor Campbell, Archbishop Tait, and Dr. Norman Macleod. All are drawn from life, and the vein is one in which the author, it is admitted, excelled. A separate volume might be made of these and of "The Critical Essays of a Country Parson," none of them included here, but praised, we remember, years ago by Sir William Nicoll, as perhaps the author's strongest work. They represented indeed a line from which he had voluntarily turned aside. "Among South-Western Cathedrals" is one of many holiday sketches interspersed throughout the author's writings; if not the best of these it is the shortest. Here, too, his readers may be pleased to accompany the "Country Parson" by Chester and Wrexham "with its grand and massive church tower," and renowned Shrewsbury on the famous Severn, and Hereford and the Wye, and so come to "Wells amid the hills of Somersetshire, reached as the sun is declining in glory one October evening." With what gusto your guide sits down "quite alone in a shabby little room dimly lit by two candles, not of wax," and since there is an hour before he "can well go to bed," begins his faithful record of "events which happen in a period reaching from Monday morning to Saturday night early in this month of October. At six o'clock this evening, I was walking along a gravelled path, leading through fields, to the west. The grass was very rich and green: far more so than I am used to see. There was a magnificent sunset: the air was bright blue overhead, but

* "A. K. H. B. A Volume of Selections." Edited by his Son. Nelson, 1s.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

I. Zangwill.

somewhat thicker in the western horizon, where all was glowing red. Around, everywhere, noble trees; and the scene was shut in by wavy hills. A solemn bell struck the hour, in deep tones. Look out towards the sound, and there, in the twilight, you may see three massive square towers. Let us go on a little, and we approach an ancient dwelling surrounded by a wall and a moat. The wall is ivied: the moat is broad: the water clear as crystal, and not deep. Two swans, who are floating about on it, by turning themselves up in an ungraceful manner, can reach the ground with their bills. The water comes brawling into the moat by a little cascade, and it escapes by three sluices on different sides of the large square space it encloses. Pollard elms of great age, the leaves thick and green as at midsummer, are on the further side of the broad walk which here skirts the water. This moat was made five hundred years ago. Pass on under an ancient archway: pass into a great square expanse of green grass, with many fine trees. The grand cathedral rises in the midst: all round the Green (that is the name here) are antique houses. There is a charming deanery: you enter it by passing under an arch, and find yourself in an inner court, quaint and ivy-grown. No words can express the glory and quietness of the place: for this is the ancient city of Wells, amid the hills of Somersetshire." We take this little picture quite at random. It is not even at all the best. But the zest and loving care (to say nothing of an eye and mind for detail) with which this Scottish clergyman—come indeed from the ancient 'city of his heart,' as Andrew Lang, writing after Dr. Boyd's death, called St. Andrews, but from a land where scenes like these are not—commemorates his holiday impressions—this is what speaks to the comprehending reader. And brief and far between were the holidays in that busy life. "Concerning Scylla and Charybdis: With Some Thoughts upon the Swing of the Pendulum," and "Concerning Things Which Cannot Go On," in these and in similar papers we are back in the familiar reaches of the "Recreations" and the other volumes, written in the author's spare time, essay by essay and month after month for *Fraser's Magazine*, and to some extent governed by the conditions under which they were written; deliberately prolix at times, yet composed with a closeness and cunning art which we have heard Mr. Lucas commend, and written with that extreme simplicity of style which looks so easy to emulate and is, in fact, so difficult. There is the sympathy, the shrewdness, the qualities and their defects, which are indeed too well known for us here at this time of day, to consider. *Pro captu lectoris*, according to the reader's taste or temperament they hit or miss. Much, but not all by any means, of the author's personality was in them. Perhaps it is true to say that they are charged with the personality, not of Dr. Boyd the man, but of A. K. H. B. the essayist. And personality which attracts must also repel. There was an immense popularity, and of necessity there was early subsequent reaction. But from the first the essays had brought the author many friends, alike intimate, personal, and unknown, and in both sorts the friends remained. "Perhaps the most beloved of any of the Victorian essayists," is the judgment of the *Spectator*. And those who were drawn to the "Country Parson" by his writings were friends of whom any man might legitimately be proud. Froude, Charles Kingsley, Archbishop Whately, and Oliver Wendell Holmes, are names that occur to the mind. In each case the act of introduction was achieved in the same way. One after another these busy and conspicuous people wrote, with curious candour as from their hearts, to the inconspicuous clergyman and unseen friend whose writings in some manner had reached them, to touch, and to console them. On page 143 of this volume a singular letter from Charles Kingsley is published. The fact is politely evaded, but obviously the letter was written to Dr. Boyd, and a strange and moving revelation of Kingsley's soul is that document of "Eversley, February 15, 1860." "I write to you openly, as to a brother," he concludes, "for I long to know you more than any man whom I find writing now." The quality which, in one unseen and unknown, beyond what certain desultory papers revealed of him, gave out such attraction and made such men his friends need not be further emphasised; surely it must have had, may still have, in it something vital. Mr. Froude has been mentioned. That great writer—in his day admired, but perhaps only now beginning to enter his kingdom—was a most formidable personality as well. People used to compare him (well behind his back) to Milton's Satan, and indeed Froude could have played the part. The only time the present writer saw the great historian, A. K. H. B. was mentioned. It is not forgotten how the stern, defiant face softened and the disquieting dark eyes beamed. That represents one generation. It was a critic and a writer of a much later one, Mr. Filson Young, who tells us how in youth he made a long pilgrimage to St. Andrews to speak with the author of "The Recreations." It were rash, then, to say that these essays may not still make friends. In addition to the longer essays, the author's typical work, with their not infrequent tinge of what the French call *malice*, one or two papers are included from the gentler later writings. "On Growing Old" was written when the author was in fact young; but papers like "On Parting Company" are steeped in the mature experience of "Our Little Life." Another essay on "The Ideal of a National Church," again, is out of its author's habitual vein. "An Unpractical Imagination" he calls it, a daydream born of long solitary walks about his parish "when from a certain height one has looked down upon the solemn city, the red roofs, the dark spires and ruins cutting against the purple sea." Then he would picture "the vast cathedral restored to glory, the place of a worthy worship, purified from all taint of error, sincere and sublime: daily thronged by devout multitudes, each soul finding help, guidance, and comfort: as, in fact, never cathedral was, here or elsewhere." The vision passed, he tells us, and there were the desolate fragments, windswept and mournful beyond words. Yet the temper of the dreamer—if he dreamed—might reconcile extreme Churchmen and extreme Dissenters—the temper and the strong good sense. He desired a National Church recognising the great varieties of taste that exist in a nation, and embracing the children of Wesley and Whitfield. "One Sunday afternoon, being in a little cathedral city, I went to the cathedral—one of the noblest in England, with a truly grand service, most carefully and reverently performed. There was hardly

any congregation in the magnificent place. There was no sermon: the sermon in the morning had been incredibly weak and stupid. Coming out of the church, and passing through a dirty by-street, I saw a large crowd pouring out of the very shabbiest little conventicle I ever beheld. So there were Christian people in that little city that May Sunday, ready to go to church if they were interested in what was done there, yet who plainly were not at all attracted or interested by the worship of the minister. Why were these poor people driven out of the Church of England to get what they wanted?" The argument and illustration may be followed in an essay calculated to remove misconceptions about the author which once, but long ago, misled even Claudius Clear. There was a time indeed when certain Nonconformist writers took him up wrongly. It need not have been so: there was misconception. In his own esteem, no greater honour ever befell this good churchman than when he was invited to preach at a great celebration of Wesleyans. But men must be careful how they joke in public. In one of his essays A. K. H. B. describes certain holiday surroundings so peaceful that he was moved to feel friendly unto all Dissenters: "this morbid feeling" he adds "soon wore off." If you say these things in print you must be sorrowfully content to be misunderstood. Lastly, to have done with this review, we must mention a little paper which stands by itself, entitled "Beaten." "A man," says the *Spectator*, "who could write such true and touching words ought not to be forgotten."

So much for the selections: Now of the author, of whom those who knew him best must persist in feeling that his writings were but a small part of what he was. Mr. Froude, when he stayed with Dr. Boyd first at Edinburgh, was "surprised to find how essentially a clergyman you are." A devoted parish clergyman he was; and the writings which made his popular reputation were but an accident, a side interest, after all.

Few men can have made more sacrifice than he to the Church of his fathers in which (though that is now-a-days forgotten, as the young men whom he helped to form are now mainly in authority) he had his share of unpopularity and misunderstanding. Born at quiet Auchinleck in Ayrshire his youth had its romance and its experience beyond the average luck of his contemporaries. An uncle, in his day an eminent Chancery solicitor, who had made his way to wealth and influence unaided, as Scotsmen do, or did, chose to adopt him; and to London as a boy young Boyd was transferred, to share the solitary and rather bloomless life of an elderly bachelor. A hard man and able, of grim family pride and family affection, was Andrew Kennedy Hutchison, the uncle: there were whole chapters of his psychology in his nephew's unwritten memoirs. The law and his office were his sole passion, though he spent unavailing thousands in trying to get into Parliament; his only "recreation" was to entertain great lawyers at dinner; and by the uncle's side in court or at his table the nephew had glimpses of Bethell, Follet, Wilde, and the other great names described in more than one of these essays.

I. Zangwill.

From a painting by Louis Loeb, the friend to whom Mr. Zangwill's "Italian Fantasies" is dedicated.

It would seem an astounding opportunity and intellectual atmosphere which opened for the youth; but there may have been a side to it all which repelled. One thinks of young Weir of Hermiston, a shrinking auditor of Lord Hermiston and his fellow judges in George Square. He conceived a distaste for the law officially and in private. Home, the manse, and the life and work of a Scottish country parson beckoned to him with a blessed sense of peace and rescue; and while Oxford was waiting had he remained, and after that the Bar, with a backing ready made for him, the youth made his election. Already a member of the Middle Temple he gave up his prospects in the South, and went home to Scotland and Glasgow University and the kirk.

Was it a mistake? If it was he never regretted it. The work of the Bar he might have coveted for that work's sake. His keenness and clearness of mind, and grasp of detail, with an admitted gift of speech and natural turn for legal work, must have made him a formidable counsel. As some one observed once, he had not a nose like Sir Charles Russell for nothing. And at committees and church courts he had more than one opportunity to show this quality. In a St. Andrews sermon, in which the proper training of men for the ministry or some kindred topic was considered, he remarked as in an aside, "I have known clergymen who were lawyers spoiled." The congregation smiled but sheepishly. It was a mythical ploughman, we fancy, who came in from an outlying village to be chastened or admonished on a point of kirk discipline, and said

Drawn by Phil May.

"'Pray be seated yourself,' said the ghost simply."

From "The King of Schnorrers," by I. Zangwill (Heinemann).

"At last I said 'Good Morning.'"

From "Ghetto Comedies," with illustrations in colour by J. M. Amschewitz (Heinemann).

afterwards: "I tell't the Doakter this, and I tell't him that," and when his auditor looked sceptical, "I mean I wad hae tell't him a' that, but I was that fleggit I ran a' the way back before I could think at 'a." That was one side of "the Doctor." But in touching this change of profession, one notices the complaint of a very kindly and distinguished critic that in his early essays the author refers too constantly to his own comfortable place in life. And we fancy he was making the best of it, that was all. It may be "tiresome" for even the best of Christians with children to be less well off than other members of their own family, though in truth not his own experience of *res angustæ*, but that of others plagued Dr. Boyd. He had an anxious mind, and was careful and troubled far more than was needful, spending not a superfluous sixpence on himself and too many sixpences on others. Yet the lessons and discipline of real poverty he learned and suffered vicariously. "*Nearly every married man of limited means above fifty years of age is broken-hearted!*" he quotes. His was a heart and an imagination to be wracked by other people's troubles.

In 1849 Mr. Boyd was ordained, and was first an assistant at St. George's, Edinburgh, and presently had his own parish, first at Newton-on-Ayr, and then at Irongray, rendered happy to him by his exceptional fortune in marriage. "Here," he wrote long afterwards, "came the girl wife, here the first child." He saw the place afterwards through mists of opal. And here he began to write reviews, first of all for *Fraser's Magazine* and the *Saturday Review* in its trenchant youth. Douglas Cook, the first editor, wrote to him, a complete stranger, his first letter beginning "My dear Boyd." For the early *Saturday Review* convention was one of intimacy. Presently the editor of *Fraser's*—John Parker the younger, followed by Froude—wrote suggesting that he should try his hand at original essay, taking his own way and his own time. He wrote the paper "Concerning the Life of the Country Parson"; and others followed. They "caught on" with editor and readers, and presently the writer was caught. That was the beginning. Was he in a measure "side-tracked" (in our modern phrase), as one of his old Glasgow professors suggested, who would have had him follow up the severer promise of a career at college? We do not think so. But it was curious at Oxford once, when the talk ran on St. Andrews, to hear an eminent Scottish metaphysician describe the surprise with which, at some luncheon party at the Principal's, he had heard the venerable parish minister greatly rout a celebrated Scottish academic figure on some point of mental philosophy. "'The Doctor' was, of course, correct and charming, but it was a bad time for——" said the Professor. "One somehow didn't expect a man so facile and accomplished to have these weapons." Nor did the Professor know till then that Dr. Boyd, in the Glasgow of an earlier day, had been first in the subject which he himself, with much distinction, "professes."

The vein discovered was pursued. No doubt it had its temptations, its disadvantages. Men had to fill their forty pages in those days with a single magazine article. Matter inevitably came to be beaten out thin. But the public was pleased, and so may the author have been—

first in the acquisition of a new interest, then as a salutary addition to a country parson's resources, but not least, when he found that he helped people and had in truth enlarged his pulpit. If he was pleased as well as amazed by his popularity (which was something between a miracle and a family joke for his parents and brothers) he was not perturbed by any subsequent lessening of his vogue: quoting a reported remark of Mr. Carlyle—"One good cup of tea, but he seems to be watering the tea-pot"; honestly doing his best with his means, working always with the utmost care and labour and, in the face of occasional detraction, reminded that the friends among his readers were numerous and steady. First and foremost he was preacher and parish minister. No man in that capacity ever worked harder at the collar. From Dumfries he passed to St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, where he tasted the successful preacher's reward, and eminent southron visitors were common apparitions; and then came St. Andrews, from which he never could be moved. "He was part (it has been written) of the charm of the place—a part of the shaded, stately street, of the solemn dignity of the little town"; and he knew everybody and everybody's troubles, "always understanding," as Principal Tulloch said to Mrs. Oliphant.

Grief for him when he died was universal, wrote Andrew Lang, but "he was most sorely missed by the poor of his parish." *They* knew him. But others got to know him (or fancy that they did) in his pulpit. Shrewd is the *Times* reviewer who, contrasting the more critical work in these selections which he prefers, with the more familiar essays, says that Dr. Boyd's profession determined the character of his writings. His heart was with the Church of Scotland and his work therein. As a preacher he held people . . . "That man gars ye listen," was a homely comment quoted by Professor Cowan, of Aberdeen, in dedicating a window to Dr. Boyd's memory in the beautiful parish church which he longed but never lived to see restored. "But all," added the preacher, "felt the power of the magnetic current which sped from pulpit to pew." . . . The hush, the rapt look, the tension of the congregation are recalled, and the deep sigh when the tension ceased, and the solemn ascription followed.

Preaching like this takes much out of the preacher. Years before in St. Bernard's a brilliant young student of medicine. sitting under Dr. Boyd, Sunday by Sunday, remarked in him "high pressure, but also a remarkable power of inhibition—*i.e.* self-control." That was the Sir Lauder Brunton of our own day. Dr. Boyd had a fine constitution, but wear and a highly strung temperament exacted their price, and he knew what it was to be often deeply overcast. His remedy then was to go and help someone else in worse case. He enjoyed his annual too brief periods of rest and refreshment with Bishop Thorold in the South, and at home in St. Andrews the occasional evening of re-union with old friends like Dr. Story and Dr. Burns. Never were boys more cheerful than these doctors of divinity, and as a raconteur the parish minister is recorded by Sir Edward Russell, to have had in his experience no better. He did not, it is feared, suffer fools gladly, but humour divorced from its occasion and context, can be misrepresented. Mrs. Story in her reminiscences speaks of a "flimsy veil of cynicism that hid him from so many . . . below lay the crystal clearly shining." But when Dr. Boyd died on March 1st, 1899, at Bournemouth, where he was recruiting after an illness, it is written that "the earnestness, kindness and solid worth of his character were recognised by men of all schools." *Felix opportunitate mortis* perhaps. He died by misadventure—this most precise, clear-cut and accurate of men drinking in mistake for his sleeping draught a corrosive fluid which caused instant insensibility and then death. But his prayer had been Lord Campbell's: "from all lingering illness."

Those old St. Andrews students who recall March 6th, 1899, are not likely to forget the leaden day, the tolling muffled bells, the procession of professors and students in bright scarlet contrasted with the crowds clad in black, the tramp-tramp of the volunteers, to whom he had been so many years a chaplain, the muffled drums and the pipes playing the "Flowers o' the Forest." And one thing would have pleased the dead minister. In the Cathedral churchyard, "an open place among the ruins," like another, the addition overlooking the sea is approached by a side gate giving directly on it. But on March 6th, the western gates were opened and Dr. Boyd was carried to his rest down the whole length of the Cathedral as once it stood. Before the funeral, which was semi-official, those in charge were approached by a well-known citizen, perhaps something "blate," who stated that his own father, a famous worthy of the town, its trusted friend, joiner and general "doer," had before his own death laid this injunction on his successor: "When the Doctor goes I'll no be here. But you'll be here. And you'll see that the Doctor is not taken in at the side like, but carried down the Cathedral at the western door, the same as those old Bishops lang syne back."

His message was reverently considered, and as William Doig directed the thing was done. The flowers of loyalty and poetry in that old carpenter's soul had blossomed to moving purpose.

WALT WHITMAN.*

By Dixon Scott.

MR. DE SELINCOURT has done it! He has written a whole book about Whitman and never once called his man "the good grey poet." This has never been managed before. Cries of "*camerado!*" and of "*allons!*"—a general roisterous open-roadiness—have always hitherto been thought essential to Walt's welcome; for Criticism, despite its protests, has never, in its heart of hearts, felt entirely comfortable in the old boy's shirt-sleeved presence, and so, like a flustered host, has tried to hide its consternation and show its fine superiority to convention, by plunging ponderously about in a state of earnest joviality, pumping up a

* "Walt Whitman: A Critical Study. By Basil de Selincourt. 7s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

dreadful form of free-and-easiness. (Even young Stevenson's essay—he was very young when he wrote it—is an example of this upside-down snobbery: "the best-dressed young man in the Burlington Arcade," in all the brightness of his patent-leather periods, pretending there to be a sort of simple, sunbaked cowboy.)

But Mr. de Selincourt displays a subtler courtesy. Instead of trying to put his guest at ease by tearing his own collar off, he has surrounded the whole occasion with the stateliest forms and ceremonies. "Well, he looks like a man anyway," was Lincoln's testimonial to Walt, and every biographer has quoted it with pride. Mr. de Selincourt never mentions it; he prefers to pay Whitman the compliment of treating him simply as an artist. "He set out to discover a means of direct personal appeal, capable of ranging from the levels of the merely conversational tone, familiar but always ardent, along the broad and copious lower slopes of vivid description and specification, and up the steps and steeps of impassioned argument and persuasion to those heights of prophetic ecstasy and assurance where speech itself is a song. And this he actually achieves." "The whole course of Whitman's life," he says again, "shows that he was at the furthest remove possible from the crude animal man, whose conduct he sometimes seems to glorify. He is, on the contrary, of the shy, brooding, impassioned, devotional type." "Among his greatest gifts is his command of the music of words, the freedom with which he can throw off phrases equally remarkable for their significance and for their beauty. His successes, and the fact that his successes include some of the longest and most audacious of his works, suffice to establish his power in conception and creation, and the equality of his touch as an executant." It is as a supreme virtuoso, then, a master musician, that Mr. de Selincourt receives him. And to the task of estimating his powers and measuring his performances he brings a critical apparatus more elaborate and sensitive than any I have seen employed since Arthur Symons valued Blake. It is with æsthetic spirometers and stethoscopes of the most beautiful fragility that he tests the lungs that let out the "barbaric yawp."

And he is perfectly right—this is exactly what we need. It clears the air of insincerity, it steadies all our nerves, it wipes away those agonizing grins; and it places us, possibly for the very first time, in the perfect attitude for receiving the full force and swing of the man's extraordinary powers. And this isn't only because Whitman was of course, in reality, every bit as self-conscious as Byron, as incapable of impulsiveness as Poe; it is also because we readers are self-conscious souls too, because we are only natural in these matters when we are elaborately artful, quite incapable of properly appreciating poetry of any kind (but especially experimental poetry like Whitman's) unless we approach it with some sort of deliberation and ceremony, keying our senses up with some kind of ritual. The simpler the reader, the more artificial the process of perusal; but there probably isn't one of us yet, highly civilized though we are, with a brain convoluted sufficiently to enable him to enjoy a poem as naïvely as he does a sunset or a swim. Pretend that it isn't so—strike an elemental attitude—insist that the joy you get perusing Walt's democratic pages is as primitive and spontaneous as the natural pleasures which they praise—and you only produce a sad distortion, very damaging to the digestion, precisely as though you had practised mental tight-lacing, adopting a corset warranted to produce a natural shape.

And what makes this truer of "Leaves of Grass" than of almost any other book of verse, is the fact that, in spite of all their boasted barbarism, they are not atavistic at all, they are really a final product of culture. The grass is not prairie grass; it is that of immemorial lawns, following the lines of the soil with silken closeness. The figure is a fair one—for what these surging recitatives really sought to attain was simply a greater suppleness, flexibility, and responsiveness than was allowed by the older modes of rigid bars. "I believe myself he chose his style because it was easy to write," said Stevenson, boyishly sentimental, clinging to his picture of a slap-dash simplicity. But he was demonstrably wrong. The poems Whitman wrote "easily" are not only immensely his worst, they are also the poems which employ conventional metres. One of his greatest difficulties was to *avoid* established lilts: the old-fashioned music kept tapping at his brain, begging his thoughts to accept its assistance, offering them a ready-made road. He had to beat it back with his left hand, doggedly and desperately, whilst his right, often weary, was patiently encouraging the little new-born idea to grip and clutch. And sometimes he surrendered; when he lay weak and ill, crushed by the paralysis that was perhaps the result of his efforts in the War, he still tried gallantly to celebrate the great national occasions, fulfilling the duties of laureate—and it was then that the importunate echoes had their way. They may be heard, pathetically enough, cruelly misleading his weakened voice, at the very hour when he most longed for independence—the hour when Lincoln's death gave him his supreme opportunity and he strove to write our first exultant dirge. The result, "When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloomed," is still beautiful, there are lines in it that break nobly away, the tired head lifting itself proudly; but when all is said, the submissive couplet which closes it:

> "Lilac and star and bird twined with the chant of my soul
> There in the fragrant pines and the cedars dusk and dim."

comes to remind us that Whitman needed even all his immense strength to withstand the ready-made poetical, and that his best music was the result of the exercise of indomitable self-denying will.

And the reader who wants to feel the full "urge and ardour" of that will must also be prepared for conscious effort: to ramp through "Leaves of Grass" with an easy animal avidity is only to succeed in making hay of them. To extract their full herbal value needs delicate handling—nor must we be afraid of imputing too much, of crediting the poet with subtler tactics than he ever dreamed of, for it is only a display of such credulity that will win us permission to pass to the point where we can watch the tremendous manœuvres of the forces Walt unconsciously served. Let me give one instance of these benign admittances—a very simple one, but it will do—it is easier to summarise than those displayed by Mr. de Selincourt.

Photo by Henry Dixon & Son.

From the painting by Solomon J. Solomon R.A.

I. Zangwill.

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Take any characteristic leaf, and then attempt, by close analysis, to trace the sensual, technical, secret of its charm. You will find, almost invariably, that the source of its grip on the mind is a definite decorative contrast between some spray of lace-like detail, and a dim, vast, abstract wash which serves as background. Go far enough west, and you find yourself in the east—and it is a fact that this extravagantly Occidental art of Whitman's has often a quality completely Oriental.

> *" Low-hanging moon !*
> *What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow ?*
> *O it is the shape, the shape of my mate !*
> *O moon, do not keep her from me any longer."*

That stanza (from " Out of the Cradle ") might be a word-for-word translation of a Japanese *hokku*. This again (a complete poem) might be a description of a drawing by Hiroshige :

> " Lo, the unbounded sea,
> On its breast a ship starting, spreading all sails, carrying all her moonsails,
> The pennant is flying aloft as she speeds, she speeds so stately—below emulous waves press forward,
> They surround the ship with shining curving motion and foam."

Now, focussing on this single quality, make a list of its occurrences. Instantly, you detect it supplying the virtue of poems you had thought of as totally dissimilar. It is the presence, for instance, of precisely this contrast that gives this famous tag its special thrill :

> " In this broad earth of ours,
> Amid the measureless grossness and the slag,
> Enclosed and safe within its central heart,
> Nestles the seed perfection."

It is this again that gives their poignancy to his many pictures of sea-margins (" On the beach at night alone ") with their small sharp figures thrown up against the empty waste. It was the same decorative principle that attracted him so often to nocturnes—he loved to punctuate the infinite night with sprays of stars. And it dawns on you, as you dog it this way, that it emerges yet again in his very choice of words—that the apparent discord of the astounding style which he called " melange mine own," is really at bottom but another variation of the self-same device of making a pattern of the particular on the universal. His favourite words in that medley—his *omnes, omnes !* his *ensemble*, his *En-masse*—what are they but attempts to concentrate that contrast by describing the universal in a patois, locking up the infinite and the local in one word ? Terms mystical and terms medical—the august and the intimate—words barbarous and words Frenchified—words lusty, words elegant—phrases from bibles and bills of lading—clauses legal and lyrical—their cheek-by-jowl jostle through his catalogues and orisons is but an endless repetition of this trick of general-and-precise. Just as with the opening line of a poem he will sweep in a vast spread of plain and sky :

> " I hear America singing."

and then, with the next, begin to diaper all that impersonal space with homeliest detail :

> " The varied carols I hear,—
> The woodcutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the morning, the delicious singing of the mother, or the girl sewing and washing . . ."

—so too with some single word of invocation, something apostrophic or oracular, he will fill the mind with a proud vague sense of signs and wonders, and then, with the next, a word of graphic idiom, will lift clear against this brooding grandeur some object tiny and familiar, so that it holds the sight invested with a strange significance, like a little figure made momentous by appearing on a skyline—dignified generously, not contemptuously derided, by the measureless curtains of empty air beyond.

And of course it was precisely such an ennoblement that Whitman desired for the men he pitted against the immensities.

> " One's-self I sing, the simple separate person
> Yet utter the world democratic, the world En-masse."

All his work was an endeavour to make the individual feel momentous ; remembering that now, is there not something deeply stirring in the sight of that moral message being translated involuntarily into the special terms of graphic decoration ? This unconscious unity and harmony, an actual inability to betray themselves, is indeed the final mark of men of genius ; but it was probably not in Whitman we would expect it to be found. Perfectly homogeneous, however, in spite of its mad " melanges " and mixtures, is the entire mass of his work. " I am large," he said ; " I contain multitudes," and the line that bound them was unbroken. Nothing is more absorbing, more exciting, than to trace these infallible correspondences. I know of no better stimulant or aid to such experiments and researches than this remarkable new book. Nor is its value limited to the light it throws on Whitman. Mr. de Selincourt's theory of " substantial equivalence " alone has importance enough as a contribution to the science of verbal structure to entitle his book to a place on the shelves of every writer and every lover of good writing. It is distinctly the pluckiest and most interesting of the books so far included in Mr. Martin Secker's courageous and exhilarating series.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK: AN IMPRESSIONISTIC PHOTOGRAPH.

BY E. O. HOPPE.

BY degrees I am beginning to find out some of the secrets of a Craft—for I do not pretend that it is an Art, in the sense in which we speak of the great recognised Arts—a Craft that is still, I hold, but crossing the threshold of its possibilities. No sensible person claims that photography can ever become a freely creative art, since it cannot give form to the mind's imaginings but can only copy and reproduce the visible world. Nevertheless, it may in the highest degree be made expressive not only of the personality of its subject, but of the man who handles the tools. Whether or not anything of the personality of the sitter is lured into the portrait depends entirely on the skill and temperament of the photographer. Anyone can secure a slavish,

lifeless sun-picture; only the man who is himself an artist can study, watch for and get into his work those subtle, illuminating touches of life and character that give it a certain artistic quality. All true art is fundamentally a matter of feeling, and, each using the same vehicle of expression, the man who brings feeling, sensitiveness, some imaginative insight to what he is doing is always bound to do better work than the man who is nothing more than an impassive, technically expert operator.

I think it is just this: that whatever you intensely love will reveal to you its secret inner powers in a way that is never opened to you if you treat your medium solely as the mechanism of expression. Of course, the camera is a purely mechanical device, but in the hands of the artist it becomes a means of accomplishing what is, within its limits, true art. In Munich I had my training as a painter from Lenbach and Kaulbach, and I had gained much valuable experience in drawing and painting before I ever touched the camera. The little black box has been to me simply the tool with which I have found out how to express my ideas and convey to others the impression I have formed of the character and most characteristic appearance of my sitter.

Never did I feel this motive-force more strongly than when I made my first portrait of Maurice Maeterlinck, the man whom I had already grown to reverence, through his works, as one of the greatest of poets and dramatists, mystic, symbolist, an idealist, a realist—at once a dreamer and a philosopher. For years I had desired to meet the man who had for so long been one of my literary gods. But it was not until 1911 that chance brought about the fulfilment of my wish. Then, on a visit to Paris, I met for the first time Maeterlinck's gifted wife, Georgette Le Blanc—the woman who has revealed the full genius of Maeterlinck to the world, for it is under the fostering promptings of her devotion and the influence of her fine personality that the fire and passionate force of the dramatist's art have been added to the meditative quality and dream fantasy of his earlier work. Because of her pleasure in a series of camera portraits I had made of herself, Madame Le Blanc said she would like her husband to sit to me, assuring me at the time that she thought no existing photograph of him was really satisfactory—that in some way they all lacked the spirit and character of the original. Her suggestion delighted me. Maeterlinck was then staying at his mother's house just outside Ghent. I set off at once to the sleepy little Belgian market-place in an actual fever of excitement and anticipation, Madame Maeterlinck's warning that I should find her husband a most difficult and evasive sitter adding to the keenness of my interest in him and in my undertaking; and as I stepped from the trap that carried me to the poet's house I felt that I was on the eve of a new, a unique experience.

I was on the alert for evidences of his idiosyncrasies and environment. The first sounds that greeted me were the growls of a dog—a bull-dog of an extraordinary ugliness that affected me almost in the same way as would extraordinary beauty: that is, by force of its own intense singularity. Then, I noticed that the room into which I was conducted was in no way distinguished from those ordinarily inhabited by the French bourgeois; the furniture belonged to no marked period and had no speciality of design, nor were the pictures and ornaments of any but the usual conventional and uninspiring order. I confess I was a little taken aback, for I had mentally associated the poet with surroundings more in keeping with what I knew of his temperament. The one vivid impression the room made on me was that it was flooded with light.

But the moment Maeterlinck entered everything seemed to change its aspect; I was no longer conscious of anything commonplace or conventional around me; the accidental setting became in a flash as nothing: the master-spirit filled the place and transfigured it. My immediate impression of the man I held in such reverence was of his extreme simplicity and sincerity. His deep blue eyes, the straight brows, the strongly moulded forehead, all of the typically Flemish type, accentuated this impression, as distinctly as the tall, strong body radiated a suggestion of abounding health. He is of a remarkably shy nature, and his quiet, retiring manner confirmed for me the truth of those rumours that credit him with detesting notoriety. I had heard that he was a mighty smoker, and was delighted to find my proposal that he should fill his pipe met with instant response, since it paved the way to ease of intercourse.

Whilst he smoked I led him into converse, studying every change of his baffling but frank, expressive features, and waiting till the moment came when I might get him in some characteristic pose, with some revealing, characteristic look upon his face. He spoke thoughtfully and with much earnestness of his love and admiration for Carlyle and Ruskin, and was quietly eloquent in his praise of Shakespeare. As our talk grew more intimate he touched on his own tastes and habits of life, his pleasures and everyday employments, and his themes were as numerous as they were extraordinarily varied. Beyond his many-sided interests in literature, he talked familiarly and with evident interest of boxing, motoring, bull-dog breeding, botany, bee-keeping and many other kindred and alien topics. He has the figure of an athlete; there are hints of the open-air in his manner and complexion; a curious sense of strength in his modest reticence; his features in repose are somewhat sombre, somewhat heavy, but as he talks and you note the kindling thought, the eager interest and emotion play over them, and the sleeping fire in his eyes flash and glow, he impresses you involuntarily as the high thinker and delicately imaginative poet that we know him to be. Those who have read his books know that the poet is never lost there in the apiarist, the botanist, the dog-lover, but I realised, during that privileged interview, how entirely all these might be lost in the poet they helped to make. Simple, natural, wholly himself in all he said and did, he seemed too great to affect any greatness, perhaps even to be conscious of it; but to me his very presence was an inspiration. My knowledge of his works helped me to understand him; I waited and watched, and listened, prompting him with a question when he was inclined to fall into silence and abstraction, until the psychological instant came—and I think I may say that the portrait I then made of Maeterlinck is one that does most vitally, most revealingly represent him. I shall scarcely be accused of vanity in making this assertion, for when a man knows that his work is good there is no reason why he should hesitate to say so.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

New Books.

PLAYS BY LEO TOLSTOY.*

This edition of Tolstoy's plays is the first complete one in English. It contains the three plays published in Tolstoy's litetime, "The Power of Darkness," "The First Distiller," "Fruits of Culture," and the three posthumous plays, "The Live Corpse," "The Cause of It All," "The Light that Shines in Darkness." Therefore it is sure of welcome, especially as such competent, painstaking, and exact translators as Mr. Maude and his wife are responsible for the work.

Of the six plays, "The Power of Darkness" is by far the most famous. It is a peasant play, dealing with the hideous effect of vice and greed upon the untutored Russian mind. This story of besottedness and double murder is sordid and agonising in the extreme, but its power of terror and pity does not come out satisfactorily in the reading. For its true development it requires the stage.

"The First Distiller" is a mere trifle—a kind of allegory of how man first thought of making intoxicating drink. A Satanic imp was at the root of the mischief. Tolstoy's satire of man's fall is clumsy and even stupid.

"Fruits of Culture" is a long and very incoherent comedy on the subject of spiritualism. The central idea is the fraud practised by a servant girl on her master to get him to sign a land agreement with her village elders, through a pretence that the spirits are telling him to sign it. Far too many people are introduced, and most of them are unconvincing. Here, again, the satire is heavy and ineffective.

"The Live Corpse" is a play dealing with the stupidities of the Russian divorce law. A man leaves his wife, but cannot face the ignominy of allowing her to divorce him, and therefore pretends he is dead. She marries the man she loves, but some time later the first husband reappears, and, of course, painful confusion ensues. But to save them in their distress he really does shoot himself at last. The opening scenes of the play are very good and lifelike, but it tails off towards the close. It shows clearly enough the want of final revision.

"The Cause of It All" is a short piece, showing how drunkenness is the curse of the Russian peasant. It has no plot to speak of, and is a tenuous affair altogether. Still, it has a certain air of reality and atmosphere which makes it of some interest.

"The Light that Shines in Darkness" is a curious, impressive, and irritating play dealing with the mind and life of an ideal Christian as conceived by Tolstoy. The chief actor is obviously a portrait of Tolstoy himself—a rich man, father of a family, who suddenly conceives it his duty to give all to the poor and to live as a true Christian. But, just as Tolstoy did, he finds himself faced with the hundred complicated difficulties of society. He is hampered and thwarted on every side. His good is turned to evil and his life to bitterness. This is perhaps the most interesting of all Tolstoy's plays and as obviously autobiographical as anything he ever wrote. If it annoys the reader by its almost mad lucidity, it must also move him by its profound sincerity.

Tolstoy was not a great dramatist. Apart from the fact that he treated plays almost entirely as media for special pleading, he had not the concise mastery which gives form and coherence to a play. He did not begin writing plays till art had taken up a very secondary position in his outlook. None of his dramatic work, not even "The Power of Darkness," is really first-class. In the midst of powerful passages you are constantly running up against crudities and *longueurs*. He lacked the ability to condense and to suggest. Intensely serious, his tragedy is too unrelieved and his comedy too heavy-handed. Moreover, there seems to be little personality in his figures. They are decidedly wooden for the most part. His appeal as a dramatist is more through the force of his beliefs than through his ability to depict them convincingly.

RICHARD CURLE.

* "Plays." By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. 5s. net. (Constable.)

HUMAN QUINTESSENCE.*

Herr Ibsen's book is not what one would call an achievement in philosophy. It does not open out virgin territory, propound a new system, or provide original interpretations to the accepted data. It is in no sense a pioneer work. Its justification is rather that it gathers into readily definable and intelligible limits the tendencies of modern philosophic thought, and that it corrects certain esoteric errors which the progress of man's experimental and inquisitive attitude to the universe has now rendered anachronisms. Its most valuable work in this sphere is, I think, in its biological survey. Modern thought is, unquestionably, more anti-monistic than it was fifty years ago, and the incompatibilities between exact scientific analysis and the pantheistic solution of the universe have become increasingly evident. M. Ibsen, in this connection, does good service both to science and philosophy by dispelling the illogical crop of theories which have grown round Darwin's discovery of the struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. Darwin did not, of course, mean that the vitality which enables certain species in the animal and vegetable kingdom to survive those of other species less equipped to provide against adversity, is necessarily beneficial. The garden slug, for instance, owing to a combination of circumstances favourable to its existence, is in the position to destroy a highly disproportionate quantity of plants and vegetables, necessary to man's æsthetic and physical satisfaction. The fact is that the prodigality of nature does not make for harmony, and that an "external coherence" in the play of forces is about all that we can expect. Monism, which postulates a certain economy and balance of distribution in natural phenomena, takes no account of their extravagance, waste, futility and subjection to the capricious laws of circumstance. Still, Herr Ibsen's examination by no means discredits monism; it merely indicates some of the causes of a slight reaction against it.

The more precise and definitive part of his contention—if a thesis so little dogmatic and so content to sift and discuss modern generalisations, rather than to formulate new philosophic canons, can be called a contention—is concerned with the chapters, "Why Politics Lag Behind," "Human Aptitudes and Human Art," and "Of Great Men." Life, he says, is universally subject to the laws of transition and transformation, and human systems can retain only an ephemeral value. What is necessary, therefore, among conditions of constant flux is to unravel some reliable principle of human valuation, disconnected from politics, which are the prey of variations in the law of might. Indeed, Herr Ibsen's theme all through the book is undoubtedly searching for some *rapprochement* with individualism—not the old individualism of *laisses faire*, which he condemns in no uncertain terms, but that which recognises that the human element predominates over the natural, and that this element, in consequence, should seek ever wider and wider expansion. "Practically speaking," he says, "human aptitudes do not change, but the manner of procedure in their utilisation is perfectible in the highest degree." So personality, he concludes, is humanity in quintessence. Genius, he admits, is dependent on a combination not only of qualities, but, in order to make it operative, of a given coincidence of circumstances in an equally proportionate degree. Since these proportions cannot, in many cases, have been achieved, there

* "Human Quintessence." By Sigurd Ibsen. Authorised Translation by M. H. Janson. 5s. net (Frank Palmer.)

must have been a large number of "mute, inglorious Miltons" in the history of the world. But where they exist, it is possible for the genius (the most intense personality, that is to say), to unite all human qualities "in perfect harmony and in the mightiest phase of development." He appears as the supreme representative of humanity.

Herr Ibsen's study is perhaps a little vague, partly, no doubt, on account of the scope, abstraction, and elusiveness of his subject. It is not in any way a remarkable work, or one calculated to disturb the equilibrium of the orthodox in any marked degree. The attribute I should apply to it would be utility. It expounds and summarises the more enlightened philosophic conceptions of the day, not brilliantly, but adequately. It is happily free from the jargon of the schools, which alienates the layman from entering the fields of highly specialised philosophic speculation. The translation is by a fellow Norwegian, and one distrusts renderings by a foreigner. But this one, in spite of some clumsiness, is better than most.

HAROLD MASSINGHAM.

THE FALLEN CONQUEROR *

Strongly contrasted with these whirling times, in which the announcements of to-day follow hard upon those of yesterday, news, a hundred years ago, travelled in seemly and leisurely fashion. Three days after the issue of such an event of European importance as the triumphal entry of the Allies into Paris on March 31st, 1814, so little was known in England of what had happened on the Continent that by the 3rd of the following month the London *Examiner* of that date informed its readers with infinite concern of "the breaking up of the Conference of Chatillon, without the conclusion of peace."

"This lamentable event," it went on, "was announced yesterday, after the arrival of a messenger from France, through Holland, with Despatches from Lord Castlereagh, and the sad fact communicated in the following note to the Lord Mayor:—

"Foreign Office, April 2.

"Lord Bathurst presents his compliments to the Lord Mayor, and thinks it right to acquaint his Lordship, that despatches have arrived this morning from Lord Viscount Castlereagh, *THE NEGOCIATIONS AT CHATILLON ARE AT AN END.*"

On the evening of the date of that communication, the Provisional Government of France decreed that the Emperor Napoleon and his family had forfeited all rights to the Throne. On the 6th of the month—to quote the author of this fascinating book on the exile of the Dictator of Europe—

"Napoleon received Marshals Ney, Oudinot, Macdonald and Lefebvre, and again showed how he could continue the conflict against the Allies. Their reply was that if he succeeded in reaching the Loire, it would only mean a civil war. Thereupon Napoleon, with the remark, 'You wish for repose! Well, have it then!' wrote out the final act of abdication."

By the 10th of April it was known in England that the fallen conqueror had given up his claims to the throne of France, and the other countries which he had brought into subjection, and also that he had accepted a retreat in the little island of Elba, off the coast of Tuscany.

Napoleon and his wife, the Empress Marie Louise, were allowed to retain their titles and rank, and the island of Elba was to form a separate principality, which he was to possess in full sovereignty and property. Although in theory he was to be an independent ruler, he was virtually a prisoner, and it was hoped and apparently firmly believed that his future activities as a disturber of the world's peace would be prevented. For his safe conduct to his new domain the several Powers appointed Commissioners: General Koller, who represented Austria; General Schouvaloff, Russia; Count Truchess-Waldburg, Prussia; and Colonel Neil Campbell, England. All the Commissioners, with the exception of the latter, were instructed to give Napoleon the Imperial title and to observe all ceremonial marks of deference due to such title. It seems strange that England alone should have been chary in this respect, but it is the fact that "the Imperial title and honours were impliedly excluded" from Campbell's instructions. To a man of "unbounded stomach" such as Napoleon was, the withholding of any ceremonious titular honours must have been galling and humiliating in the extreme, and the action of the English political authorities was petty and unworthy. Napoleon's request to be allowed to proceed to his island kingdom by way of Italy, in place of leaving from the French coast, and embark at Piombino, the nearest port in Tuscany, opposite Elba, was rightly refused by the Powers, who judged his object to be to gather to his assistance the army of North Italy, which still remained loyal to him. He embarked (April 28th) at Fréjus, in Var, one of the Mediterranean provinces of France, on board H.M. frigate *Undaunted*, commanded by Captain Ussher and arrived off Portoferraio, the capital of the island, five days afterwards, on May 3rd. As a dramatic set-off to the deposed Emperor's arrival at Elba, it is worthy of note that his successor to the French throne, Louis XVIII. re-entered Paris in triumph on the same day. Napoleon made his own state entry into Elba on May 4th, and was received with acclamation by his new subjects.

During his journey from Fontainebleau to Fréjus, there were many incidents which showed that his people, who had formerly been his devoted adherents, had now disavowed him, and had cast off all allegiance to their late sovereign. At several places *en route* his life was endangered. His recognition of that fact made him pusillanimously fearful; his

Bloody Boney, the Carcass Butcher, left off trade and returning to Scarecrow Island (Elba).

An English caricature of 12th April, 1814.
From "Napoleon in Exile at Elba," by Norwood Young (Stanley Paul).

* "Napoleon [in Exile: Elba." By Norwood Young. 21s. net. (Stanley Paul.)

unworthy acts in disguising himself to escape observation and its possible consequences were pitiful exceedingly, and attest that he was not free from some strain of cowardice. True bravery would have scorned such soiling of its soldierly honour, and would instinctively have braced itself to meet unflinchingly whatever fate might decree.

Napoleon's sojourn in Elba, which lasted short of ten months, is related in full detail and most interestingly. Mr. Norwood Young seems to be acquainted with everything that has been written about this phase of his hero's career, and he has himself lived for some time on the island in order to perfect his knowledge of the subject to which he has devoted so much time and attention. A most thrillingly exciting incident in the narrative of the escape of Napoleon from Elba in his ship the *Inconstant*, is here transcribed :

"The *Zephyr* meanwhile was sailing in a direction which would bring her across the track of the *Inconstant*, and presently the two ships came to close quarters. On board the *Inconstant* preparations for defence were made, but when Taillade recognised the *Zephyr*, a vessel he knew well, commanded by Andrieux, a comrade and friend of his own, it was hoped that amicable relations might be established. The grenadiers were ordered to hide under the bridge, or elsewhere. Andrieux did not at first recognise the disguised ship ; he stared at her for some time through his glass. Then he hailed, and Taillade, after an interval of silence, in which he was receiving Napoleon's instructions, replied, giving the name, of the ship : '*The Inconstant*. Where are you going ?' 'To Leghorn,' came the answer ; 'and you ?' Still prompted by Napoleon, Taillade replied : 'To Genoa. Have you any commissions for me there ?' 'No, thank you. And how is the great man ?' Napoleon told him to shout back : 'He is wonderfully well.' So they separated. . . . He (Andrieux) did not know that he was being sent for the express purpose of watching and following the *Inconstant*. He was to receive that news at Leghorn."

Mr. Norwood Young is to be congratulated on having put together a vastly interesting book. We learn with intense satisfaction that he is writing another work on similar lines, dealing with Napoleon's exile in St. Helena which is promised for next year. It will be looked for with pleasurable expectation.

Mr. Broadley contributes a capital chapter—"Iconography and other Sidelights"—and has allowed fifty illustrations to be reproduced from his unrivalled collection of prints and caricatures relating to Napoleon and Elba.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

THE SECRET OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.*

There are three personalities here : M. Paul Emmanuel, as revealed to us in "Vilette" ; M. Heger, as loved by Charlotte Brontë ; and M. Heger as he actually was. Obviously it is permissible, if not inevitable, that the novelist should have worked up her hero from the living model, changing his nature as she had modified the circumstances of his life ; it is no less natural that her devotion to her "master" should have coloured her view of the man himself. Mrs. Macdonald, evidently, did not discover the tenderness and sympathy beneath the surface, which captured Charlotte's imagination and caused the tragedy of her life. She claims, indeed, for M. Heger the title of an "ideal" Professor ; but she assures us that he never apologised for his most cruel mistakes, and even indicates that he found pleasure in playing upon the emotions of his pupils to excite their appreciation of romantic literature, and stimulate their powers of expression. He positively enjoyed tears, and hysteria, in the class-room ; and where the consequences, as for Charlotte Brontë, were permanent and profound, he certainly accomplished his object.

We are disposed to accept Mrs. Macdonald's analysis ; for, though her refusal to weep annoyed him, she was a favourite pupil, and writes with enthusiasm of his imperious, but inspiring, methods of instruction. She tells us, moreover, that her experience of her fellow-pupils was far more pleasant than Charlotte Brontë's, while towards Madame Heger she cannot acquit the novelist of revengeful injustice. If Paul Emmanuel differs, in many essentials, from M. Heger, Madame Beck bears no resemblance to his wife. It was rather her loving-kindness and devotion that made his temper tolerable.

There is a sense, of course, in which these "revelations" are not really of great importance. Neither the critic nor the reader has any legitimate concern with the private affairs of Charlotte Brontë ; they should study, and admire, her creations as works of art. But human nature persists in curiosity about the lives of those whose writings have influenced us ; and the false impression which Mrs. Gaskell produced, from charitable motives, that Charlotte Brontë had penetrated into the very heart of passions outside her own experience, has long led us to a false estimate of her genius. The knowledge that she was, in fact, writing under the influence of her own despair, should prove her truthfulness to human nature, and acquit her of melodrama. For we agree with Mrs. Macdonald that Mr. Clement Shorter's continued adherence to the "enthusiastic friendship" theory is untenable. There was, in fact, a "Secret of Charlotte Brontë," which may be found in this volume.

* "The Secret of Charlotte Brontë." By Frederika Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net. (Jack.)

THE WELLESLEY PAPERS.*

Even to the purview of that mine of erudition, Macaulay's schoolboy, the work and personality of the Great Marquess, as India not unjustly styled him, are apt to be quenched in the dominating splendour of his more illustrious younger brother ; still more effectually, for the casual student of history, does Arthur Duke of Wellington reduce Richard Colley, Marquess Wellesley, to the position of mere super upon the stage of his times. Hence we may rightly welcome, in the volume before us, a fresh and animated figure-study, limned for the most part by Lord Wellesley's own proper hand, of a hard-working, in many ways distinguished, State servant.

In handling a great mass of unpublished correspondence the Editor of these Papers frankly sets himself the task of presenting the Marquess as he actually lived and moved, not of disquisitioning at large upon a career already fully treated of in despatches and biographies. It may be said at once that he has succeeded admirably ; selecting with judgment, cementing the structure of the letters with just enough of curt plain narrative to give the work coherence. The reader can explore a carefully partitioned whole in the soothing consciousness of his guide's impeccable reticence and aloofness. The actors in the play have full leave to speak for themselves, and the mere list of their names upon the title-page—Pitt, Peel, Canning, Castlereagh, Wellington, etc., etc.—is a pretty strong implication of their ability to do so with effect.

Unfortunately—to touch his psychology first, and at once make our reckoning with his most patent and vulnerable weakness—Lord Wellesley suffered from a devastating self-esteem which, with a *naïveté* that at times sets the reader gasping, his own pen insistently exposes. Even from the start, as Lord Mornington the stripling statesman, he is in effect always exclaiming : "Behold me a man of parts and quality !" Indeed his arrogance and presumption, Pitt's freedom from which he so warmly eulogises, were not merely a drag upon his public career, but an errosive to his private happiness. As witness his anguish, with its sequel of lifelong mortification, at the reward of his Indian services by a mere Irish Marquisate—his "Double-guilt potato," as he fiercely designates it. Some Mornington of his own day, perhaps, moved the Friar-Duke in "Measure for Measure" to his trenchant :

> "Happy thou art not ;
> For what thou hast not still thou striv'st to get,
> And what thou hast, forget'st."

Nevertheless, together with this weakness, there is packed human stuff of much finer quality, *e.g.* mark his stipulation, *in re* the Madras Governorship, as to the bestowal of title and pension upon the displaced Hobart ;

* "The Wellesley Papers." By the Editor of "The Windham Papers." 32s. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Sir T. Lawrence pinxit. **Arthur Wellesley, 1st Duke of Wellington.**

From "The Wellesley Papers" (Herbert Jenkins).

and again (1799) when in the full flush of his jubilation over the Mysore campaign, of his own clamant demand for "brilliant honour," his stout refusal—for the sake of his army, the captors of Seringapatam—of the £100,000 proffered by the East India Company. Such incidents stir the blood. Again, take the story of his marriage and parenthood. He is living with Mlle. Hyacinthe Roland, has by her several sons and daughters; yet this ambitious politician, with his career to make, marries the mistress and through life remains a devoted father to his natural children. Nay more, in his letter to Grenville in 1798 he pines for his wife. "All this vision will vanish unless you send Lady Mornington out to me by the next ship." . . . Once more, but two years later: "For God's sake bring me home. Home first, home last, home midst." Witness too his staunch friendships for Wilberforce; for Canning, to admit whom, for the strengthening of the Perceval Ministry, he offers (June, 1810) to resign his own office; for Pitt, as breathed in the noble and historic eulogy published by Croker.

In regard to his public services, as Governor-General of India, Ambassador to Spain, Foreign Secretary, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, his editor does the Marquess full justice. Beyond question he was a man of high courage and integrity; energetic, honourable, broad-minded. In politics he was a Liberal, a Freetrader; as resolute as Wilberforce for Abolition; a consistent advocate of Catholic Emancipation. Difficult as it is to regret his failure to achieve the final goal of his ambition, the Premiership, it puts little strain upon us, in viewing the full sum of his services, in touching the bedrock of a character marred by external disfigurements, to accord him—in heart as well as in courtesy—his high title of "The Most Noble the Marquess Wellesley."

Space forbids more than a passing reference to the *fumum* and *strepitus* of a period on fire with such names as Nelson, Wellington, Napoleon; though its atmosphere forms the backing of these Papers. The correspondence itself is often individualistic and interesting in the extreme.

The mediocre Mr. Perceval achieves, in one of his letters to Wellesley, the singular feat of packing seven "Your Lordship's" into his opening paragraph. Lord Auckland is markedly cheery and patriotic. Lady Hester Stanhope's epistle from the Bosphorus cuts, with a vivid note of feminine wit and laughter, across the rather solemn rumble of eminent masculine voices. Wilberforce commonly devotes about half his space to purring apologies for not having written sooner. The great Duke Arthur, referring to his threatened rupture with Canning, makes the quaintly solemn statement: "I never had a quarrel with any man in my life." Canning's mental brilliance gleams through every page of his writing; and Lord Wellesley's own work, notably in his sketch of the state of Europe and the objects of the Peninsular War, shows real expository talent. With Lord Brougham enters a new spirit, witty, frolicsome; strangely fresh and modern as compared with the main corpus of correctitudes, compliments, ornate felicities, word-pasturings supplied by the other—to adopt his own phrase—"Honourable Behauders." Croker, in alluding to the Biography of Wilberforce by his sons, makes us a present of the refreshing phrase: "Shreds and patches of morbid *pietastery*."

The book must needs be of capital value to any student of the period, and of notable interest to the general reader.

HAROLD VALLINGS.

WILD LIFE.*

In its outstanding characteristics "Feuds of the Furtive Folk" closely resembles Mr. St. Mars' previous recent book, "The Prowlers," which gave him a name as one of the leading imaginative writers about animals. He supplies no biological particulars, no intimate studies of field life (as naturalists understand it); he sets out with a wonderfully exhaustive and seemingly intimate knowledge of beasts, birds and fishes, and in a series of sketches he places them in little dramas, wrought in the manner of dramas for human beings. Clearly Mr. Kipling is his inspirer-in-chief—and Mr. St. Mars would admit he is. His admiration for Mr. Kipling is emphasised by the prominence he gives to quotations from Kipling verse. But the style and method of the two writers differ, though Mr. St. Mars has a style as emphatic and direct as that of the more famous author. This passage is typical of Mr. St. Mars' manner:

> "The seventh wave was bigger than the rest. It shot up the smooth, polished slope of the rock, high and high, lifting, lifting, till the gull appeared to be standing on but a foot-high lump. Came then a rush, a swirl, a cloud of flying spray, a halo of foam, half hiding some long, dark, glistening, sinuous form which shot up the polished slope of the rock on the top of the wave; a distinctly audible snap of jaws; a scream from the gull as that bird jumped and spread out its wings; another snap, and then wave, and shape and gull, and all were gone, and the rock was left standing alone and high, the water pouring off it in cataracts."

A dog-otter had caught and killed the bird. There are many spirited little pictures of this kind; and their only fault is that now and then Mr. Mars has too many adjectives.

Of the sketches, many readers will prefer "Kafoozalum," "Spirits of the Night," and "Interlopers." The first is about a raven whose subtlety with traps proves of no avail when the bait is a poisoned grouse; the second a beautiful description of bat-life; and the third a sanguinary affair of sheep and wild dogs. At the close of "Interlopers" we have the shooting to death of a she-dingo followed by the death of her partner.

> "Because the spirit of love is both precious and rare, I prefer to believe," writes Mr. St. Mars, "that this dingo dog, this outlaw, this interloper, died of a broken heart. One can think

* "Feuds of the Furtive Folk." By F. St. Mars. 5s. net. (Heath, Cranton & Ouseley.)

more kindly of him if one accepts this theory, and—who knows? —animals may love!"

The book has five animated illustrations in colour by Mr. Walter Starmer.

LES MAITRES D'AUTREFOIS.*

Eugène Fromentin wrote "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois: Belgique-Hollande" in 1875. That date and the address of "Brussels" appear at the head of the Preface, in the first sentence of which is indicated the purpose of his travels and his book: "To see Rubens and Rembrandt in their own country, and at the same time the Dutch School in its natural setting." The field thus defined—for Fromentin in 1875 comparatively one of discovery—has since been worked over by innumerable students, many of them of indefatigable patience as well as acumen. Perhaps the most obvious change resulting from their researches is the sharpness of the distinction between the two divisions of the survey, North and South. No one now would bring the North and South Netherland painters under one rubric of the Dutch School. One does not say to-day that the Dutch School, meaning by that the North Netherland, begins with the first years of the seventeenth century, or that by a very slight abuse of dates we can fix the day of its birth. Had Fromentin written thirty years later than he did, his chapter on the origin, if not the character, of that school would have been expanded, and those on the forerunners of Rubens correspondingly modified. Both Lucas van Leyden and Jan van Scorel would have appeared more often, and more individualised, in his pages, and he would almost certainly have suggested some racial and spiritual affinity to Rembrandt in Geertgen tot S. Jans, whom as it is he does not mention at all. But the fact that Fromentin was imperfectly aware of distinctions made by recent scholarship, and wrote in ignorance of much that it has brought into the light since his day, does not affect the illumination which he cast upon the whole field as well, as upon particular figures in it. In especial, the pious and enthusiastic re-discovery of Rembrandt since he wrote, does not efface *his* discovery of him. One wonders, indeed, whether our newer knowledge is, after all, very essential. At any rate, it only brings into more relief the essential justice of the estimate which Fromentin's prescience enabled him to pronounce from the evidence under his hand.

That estimate is wonderfully satisfying—admiring, comprehensive and reasoned. Fromentin is never dogmatic. He is stimulating, by virtue of a method of raising questions suggesting answers both for and against the point he appears desirous of making. Yet he is always logical, and we must not complain if, with an artist's instinct for unity, he coerces his argument, and sometimes the facts, into a full charge in favour of a predetermined conclusion. Thus his well-known theory in regard to the domination and significance of *chiaroscuro* in Rembrandt's art rests (for him) on a series of props, not always quite secure, and the chief of them actually made a little wobbly by the restoration of the "Night Watch" and its removal from the *Trippenhius*. But even were they all to give way under it, there are others to take their place, and in any case the theory was brilliant psychology and is illuminating art-criticism. And then again, the point he makes in his character of Rembrandt, through the master's failure to found a school, is just as well as acute, even although Vermeer (under another name) is deliberately disconsidered, and Fabritius is left out altogether. Is one wrong in supposing that completely as Rembrandt conquered him, and his spirit flooded and moved him, the full homage was at first a little irksome to the author—that it chafed his professional amour propre ever so slightly to acknowledge a power which he was unable as a painter completely to explain? If so, he made ample amends, and possibly this slight constriction of his will renders in the end his elucidation of Rembrandt's difficult and original genius more comprehensive and acute. But, at the same time, we are aware how freely in comparison Fromentin moves in his survey of the genius of Rubens, whose character and work are so lucid, spontaneous and imperturbable, with nothing in either to hide, or profound enough to be hidden.

* "The Masters of Past Time: or Criticism of the Old Flemish and Dutch Painters." Translated from the French of Eugene Fromentin. With Coloured and Half-Tone Illustrations. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

AN ANATOMY OF PAIN.*

In "Time and Thomas Waring" Mr. Morley Roberts has added an heroic chapter to that psychological history of contemporary life which novelists of distinction are writing. Page after page has the grandeur of a modern epic; if it were not so, the manner would have fallen short of the profound theme. The old combat between man and pain is unfolded as an intense, subjective drama; vivid sensations and thoughts assume the guise of characters, every whit as vital as Milly, Thomas Waring's inept wife, or Joyce his daughter, or Jennie, or the fragrant memory of his early love.

Waring underwent a serious operation, and recovered sufficient strength to undergo another. All that lies between those two points of experience wrought into agony, is analysed with extraordinary fidelity to truth, and a romantic story of vivid interest is comprised within those limits.

The tragedy of such torture as comes from operations, is that it has been able to give such a poor account of itself. It has been dumb, bewildered, protesting; the patient proceeded as "a lamb to the slaughter," and generally a moan has summed up his reminiscence. Waring went into that far country, bounded by anæsthesia and convalescence, and brought back a map of those Dantesque regions, about which surgeons and anæsthetists know little. The medical profession should read Mr. Morley Roberts' impressive diagnosis of obscure mental states prior to operative treatment, and arising out of it, for such knowledge will tend to understanding. It will be especially valuable to specialists who have "knowledge but no wisdom." Theologians, too, ought to read it carefully because of the issues of conduct and destiny involved.

Waring was a proud, overbearing man, a bully to his patient family, and a journalist of savage judgments, who had believed in the existence of a God in a curiously abstract manner. But "Renshaw, whom he imagined when he was away as a mechanical surgeon of steel armed with knives, had dissected God out of him when he had him on the table. . . . Nothing, nothing is so important as I thought it was." The only godlike theory left in his universe was kindness—the only evil thing, cruelty. This conclusion, entirely brought about, apparently, by "shock," altered his whole attitude to his family and his friends, and is the direct cause of audacious developments. Nearly all the orthodoxies are defied, and there is much pungent, and some bitter criticism of accepted conventions and opinions. The only concession to the "gallery" is the contrivance of an acceleration in the plot which secured Mrs. Waring's acquiescence in her daughter's passion-driven crisis. Exquisite delicacy of feeling is shown in the portraiture of all the women. Although Waring has a dead wife to whose memory he is devoted, a second wife whom he learnt to suffer gladly, and a mistress, one breathes "the pity of it!" rather than any harsher reflection.

Some readers, even of the better sort, may demur at the amount of abstract speculation, and complain that Waring's erudition has received too much emphasis; and those who keep the producers of pretty stories busy, will be puzzled. But men and women who are on the look-out for literature—brave, vital, even solemnising—will find in "Time and Thomas Waring" a book of moment.

WILKINSON SHERREN.

* "Time and Thomas Waring." By Morley Roberts. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

THE HAPPY ESSAYIST.*

Wit, grace and urbanity are qualities that Mr. G. S. Street has ever possessed, but on getting well into the forties he has mellowed in quite a remarkable way. With more force of mind he might have been a novelist of peculiar distinction. But perhaps it is well for us that he is one of the idle apprentices to the most popular form of literature; for, after all, we have a superabundance of novel writers, while there are very few men who are able to carry on the best traditions of the older art of prose. Blessed with a happy indolency that has prevented him from using his ideas and observations as fast as he gathered them, Mr. Street has now a rich background of thought and reflection that gives a fine suggestiveness to all his remarks on life. He writes from the fulness of experience, in the manner of the great essayists, and his early vein of satirical observation is lost in a wistful sort of kindly interest in all the pleasant aspects of human activities. He has become the most charming of modern writers of essays, with a light, graceful and easy way of expression that is as grateful as it is rare.

Naturally, there is a good deal of personal revelation in "Money and Other Essays." An essayist who does not reveal the idiosyncracy of his mind and temperament is unworthy of his art: for him Montaigne, Lamb and Hazlitt have worked in vain. Mr. Street is almost as frankly personal in style as the great Frenchman. He is talking to himself most of the time and allowing us, in friendly fashion, to overhear the conversation. We are made acquainted with the state of his monetary affairs, and taken by him to his favourite race-meeting, or we share his misfortunes when he tries to see the flying men at Hendon on the cheap, or wastes a guinea on a seat at Covent Garden from which he cannot watch the feet of the dancers in the Russian ballet. It is amusing to learn, in the light of a recent event, that Mr. Street gave up going to theatres as a dramatic critic because most of the plays were so poor that the work became distasteful to him. As Examiner of Plays, he will now have a still larger number of uninteresting pieces to criticise. Perhaps, however, reading through everything that theatrical managers hope to produce will not be so dreary a job as sitting out the fewer plays that are actually performed.

One of the best of the essays is that in which Mr. Street dreams that he meets himself as he used to be. There is G. S. Street aged twenty-five; G. S. Street aged thirty-five, and a tolerant, humorous, sympathetic man aged forty-five. The middle figure complains that he had worked out a serene and graceful form of egotism and an ironic way of looking at things which he expected his successor to perfect. Instead of so doing, the successor, the present Mr. Street, has relapsed into an emotional interest in things and persons and found amusement in horse-racing and the popular drama. It is a piece of delightful autobiography, whimsical in tone and yet thoughtful at bottom, and it contains much comfort for readers who are also getting into the forties or even advancing still farther into life.

The paper on George Wyndham, with which the book concludes, is a beautiful, touching memorial of a rare and admirable man—of the only man of our time who retained the natural magnanimity of the happy Elizabethan age. Here Mr. Street speaks straight from the heart, without whimsy or fancy, for ties of friendship united him to the man who, in our complicated age, was "Knight and artist and scholar and statesman as well."

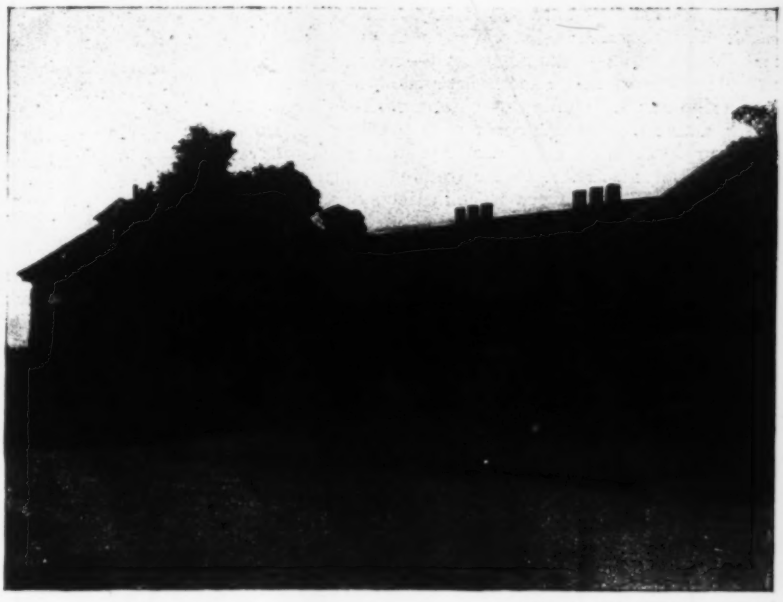
We hope that Mr. Street's new work will not hinder him from essay-writing. Since Andrew Lang died there is no one to equal him, and he takes a larger view of the familiar, daily things of life than even Lang did.

* "Money and Other Essays." By G. S. Street. 4s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

THE COTSWOLDS.*

"When, I wonder, will history be taught in our village schools from the local end, as surely it should be?" So writes Mrs. Sturge Gretton in her very charming book on the Cotswolds district, and, as if by way of meeting the needs of those who would answer the question as she would have it answered, she has written this entertaining work. History is properly a collection of parish annals, and, believing this, the authoress has tried to paint for us, by gathering together the records and memories of this particular neighbourhood, a part of the picture of the nineteenth century. The "Corner" of which she writes is the table-land between the Colne and the Evenlode, lying in East Gloucestershire and North-West Oxfordshire. She has gathered together a mass of information on such diverse subjects as, the domestic weavers of the Cotswolds, the machine riots, the old local fairs, the lighting of villages, the rural labour movements in the seventies, the old penal code, and hundreds of other subjects, not only from books, pamphlets and newspapers, but from personal recollections of those who were eye-witnesses of the old order of things. To all students of the great industrial movement which was perhaps the chief feature of the nineteenth century, the book must prove of the highest value. Some idea of the change that has come over our outlook during the last eighty years may be gathered from the account of the Child Labour Bill which was brought before Parliament in 1832. No children under nine were to work in the woollen or cotton trades, and while they were under thirteen years of age their hours were to be limited to nine a day. The chief opposition to this measure, which was an improvement on the state of things that then existed, came from the parents of the children. The Cotswold weavers, in their petition against the Bill, declared that their children's labour was the only equivalent they had for a large family, and they asked the very pertinent question: If the child is to

* "A Corner of the Cotswolds." By M. Sturge Gretton. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)



The Swan Inn, Tetsworth.
From "A Corner of the Cotswolds," by M. Sturge Gretton (Methuen).

be kept at school until nine years of age, who is to pay for it? The book, which is illustrated with some charming photographs, has its usefulness enhanced by a copious appendix and an excellent index.

SOME NEW NOVELS.

THE FORTUNATE YOUTH.[1]

There have been occasions on which Mr. W. J. Locke has seemed to offer us fairy stories of our time, so fond is he of treating of generous impulses and reckless chivalry, of friendships between men passing the love of women, of waifs adopted by quixotic guardians, of cases of sublime perjury and reproach patiently endured by innocence. Only the other day this author defiantly accepted the label of sentimentalist. In his latest novel he takes up the challenge of those critics who have judged him to be too preoccupied with romantic motives and shown them just how he would write the very thing they impute to him, a fairy tale of modern life. He has taken one of the most popular of nursery legends and adapted it to twentieth century conditions. It is the legend of the swineherd who loved and won the heart of a princess. Few heroes are so acceptable to children as the ragged youngster who reckons himself of royal stock and through the companion of some king's daughter climbs to his proper rank and station. It is such a lad's ascent of the social ladder—though he is a lad born amid modern slums and obtains his princess's hand in the hurly-burly of modern English politics—that Mr. Locke describes in his engaging chronicle of "The Fortunate Youth." As you might expect, the novelist modifies the old scheme to suit its up-to-date setting and our latter-day sentiment, but he adheres pretty faithfully to the outlines of the original fairy-tale, with the result that readers who grasp his intention and grant him his formula will find themselves no less fascinated by his version of a story that can never grow old, than they were once by Hans Andersen's familiar rendering in days when horizons were golden, life loomed still a mystery, and fairy princes might be encountered round the nearest corner.

Mr. Locke, of course, tells his fairy-tale with a difference, and it is just the difference which lends it its chief piquancy. For a very long while everything goes well with Paul Kegwarthy, quite as well as if fairy influence were really at work on his behalf. Luck is squandered on the handsome boy; he moves upward with giant strides. When once friendly Barney Bill's caravan has transported him from the atmosphere of squalid poverty and unkindness in which his childhood has passed, he expands like a flower in the sunshine and his "vision splendid" of an existence that shall be roses—roses all the way—seems in the surest way of fulfilment. If he does not stumble across the royal parents he at first counted on meeting, other dream-stuff of his ambitions materialises and helpers spring up at every turn. He tries various callings and there is not one but contributes its share to the training of his mind and the refining of his manners. The instincts of adaptability and self-improvement seem born in him; he has a natural fastidiousness and taste for what is beautiful, exquisite and luxurious. Hence, when favouring circumstances open up for him the prospect of a great career in politics, he is qualified to seize the chance—qualified to be the rising hope of the Conservative party and to charm the princess whose condescension is to crown his life's happiness.

So far Mr. Locke has copied almost closely his fairy-tale model; it needs but a stroke of that pen he wields so gracefully to leave his Paul securely established on a pedestal of fame, his princess by his side. But it is just here that the element of dramatic surprise comes into the story, just at the moment of Paul's climacteric that the novelist's ironic humour obtains its opportunity. In the midst of his first election fight the fortunate youth makes an appalling discovery. The candidate who is opposing him, a Radical of the fanatical and ascetic sort, a tradesman who has made his fortune out of fried-fish, turns out to be his father. Think of Paul's dismay. He, the instinctive aristocrat, the lover of a princess, the believer in rank and its heaven-born right to rule, learns that his origins are humble, nay, almost humiliating, for his mother is actually that virago of the slums from whose cruelty he had so gladly long ago in his boyhood made his escape. It seems to him that he is an impostor, that he has conquered his princess's affections under false pretences. And so there are trials in front of this favourite of fortune before he can justify once more his title.

That touch of tragi-comedy, that intrusion of the grotesque into what might otherwise be rather too monotonous a record of picturesque success is the very making of Mr. Locke's fairy-tale. Were not the imp of malignant circumstance, the bad fairy not invited to the christening, as the old nursery stories conceive it, allowed his innings, not all the charm and vivacity of Mr. Locke's style, not all his happy descriptive power, not all the effectiveness of his character studies, notably that dear old Pagan, Barney Bill, the itinerant brush-maker, whose every sentence is a pearl of wisdom, would reconcile us to a certain strain of egoism which is to be detected in the hero. Paul forgets only too thoroughly his fellow-victims of the slum and the mill, has scant sympathy and thought to spare for the little urchins who shared his sufferings and never enjoyed his luck. So that poetic justice demands that this fairy prince who is singled out for so many blessings and privileges should endure his measure of adversity. The buffet once dealt out to him, we can admire his stoicism, his rally, his recapture of the skirts of chance. He has earned his right to good fortune just as Mr. Locke has triumphantly vindicated his ability to write a genuine fairy-tale.

F. G. BETTANY.

THE ORLEY TRADITION.[2]

In his new novel "The Orley Tradition," Mr. Ralph Straus has created quite a classic character and produced a very remarkable study of the English country gentleman. The great character is Mrs. Damson, who kept a sweet-stuff and general shop in the little Kentish village of Handsfield. Cast in somewhat the same mould as the Mrs. Poyser of George Eliot and the Mrs. Proudie of Anthony Trollope, the Kentish woman could have met both of these two eloquent viragos and defeated them in a battle of mother wit and vituperation. Less picturesque, but more subtle than Mrs. Poyser in "Adam Bede," she kept the county amused by her celebrated sayings, but came to grief at last over the remark she made when the news was brought that an heir had been born to Lord Orley: "We'll 'ope," she declared with a certain deliberation, "as 'e won't be as big a fool as 'is father."

For the boy grew up and become a brilliant, clever politician, and Mrs. Damson did not approve him, and heartily wished that he would be more like his father. Indeed, everybody who knew the younger Orley hoped that he would reform in time and acquire the proper amount of stupidity, and when at last he did so there was more general joy than there had been at his birth. Mrs. Damson was so overcome with gladness that she forgot to make one of her celebrated remarks.

Both the theme and its setting may appear whimsical and fantastic. But as a matter of fact, the novel is a very thoughtful piece of work that does not lose any of its power through being delightfully entertaining. What Mr. Straus offers us is really a fine, brilliant defence of the idea of an aristocracy. He takes a county family that for hundreds of years has been notorious for its lack of intellectual ability. The Orleys are a big, handsome race of men, good at fighting and at open-air sports, easy to get on with, and honourable in all their ways, but stupid and indolent—in short, the noble barbarians of Matthew Arnold's famous analysis of our social strata. In Mr. Straus's view, however, men of this sort form an admirable element of our society, and there is a loss rather than a

[1] "The Fortunate Youth." By W. J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

[2] "The Orley Tradition." By Ralph Straus. 6s. (Methuen.)

gain when one of them breaks away from the traditions of his order and tries to cultivate the hard cleverness of mind necessary in a political or business career. "Let them," he says in effect, "remain quiet country gentlemen, and provide us with our Army officers and easy-going village squires. The qualities of character that they possess are more valuable than the qualities of mind that they lack."

John Orley was crippled by an accident that put an end to his military ambitions, and settling in London he flirted with art and literature, in the person of a fascinating woman novelist of the advanced school, and entered on the game of politics and fought his first election at a town where the "Orley Tradition" still weighed on the minds of the people. But he had lost, while cultivating his intelligence, the charming qualities of character that had distinguished his family, and Mrs. Damson, who was watching over him with motherly interest, was glad to hear that he had been defeated at the polls. And when, on recovering the full use of his legs, the young man returns to the ways of his fathers, sells his books and pictures and settles down in the village to do nothing gracefully, everybody is pleased, except the woman novelist. Aristotle and Nietzsche would approve this remarkable conclusion, and though readers with a Radical turn of mind will not agree with the main idea of Mr. Straus's work, they will allow that he has stated a very interesting case in a clear and vivid manner. With the exception of the woman novelist, the characters are drawn with remarkable power and charm: the naughty lady is a somewhat melodramatic sketch of an adventuress.

E. W.

DODO THE SECOND.[3]

It is a rare thing for an author to write a sequel which grips and fascinates you more than the original novel; yet this is what Mr. E. F. Benson has done in "Dodo the Second." The many readers who loved Dodo in her wayward youth will have an even stronger feeling for her now maturity has developed her character. Her fascination remains; but in place of the waywardness, we find heroism, and devotion to the sweetheart whom she jilted in her youth. He has loved her for twenty years, and ultimately marries her.

And "Dodo the Second?" She is a young person, this Nadine with refreshingly original views on the world in general, and some people in particular, who makes us frequently join in her laughter, which is thus characterised: "she gave a sort of hiccup and then gurgled."

It is evident that Mr. Benson started out with the idea of writing a novel about Dodo's daughter; but it was not to be. The loyalty which kept Jack Chesterford from loving Nadine or any other woman while Dodo was in the world, prevented Mr. Benson from writing a book concerning her in which she was not the central figure; and we would not have it otherwise. The book deals with the problem of unawakened womanhood; the woman who, though loved, is powerless to love in return, until some great event disturbs the even tenor of her life, and unlocks the heart which has been closed even against herself. It is a great problem, one which becomes more vital with the progress of civilisation, and the author touches on it with vast sympathy and understanding, proving that, although she may not realise it, every woman has the power to love grandly and selflessly, which is the only true way. The whole story is finely woven, the threads are lightly drawn together—never dragged. Over the story rests an atmosphere of extreme modernity. It is modern life seen broadly and kindly, with its present glaring faults modelled in the low relief to which time assuredly will sink them. And through every page there runs a fine philosophy of life, which perhaps can be embodied in these two sentences. "Life is so short and every moment should be so precious to everybody," says Dodo, and "the only point of life is to be alive." This book is life—life which bubbles and sparkles like champagne. The joy of life is irradiated from each page, that true joy which comes from within and which sorrow never dims; and as we lay it down at the end of the story we feel the world is not quite so tragic a place as it sometimes appears.

M. TORIN.

[3] "Dodo the Second." By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Henry Baerlein.**

FULL SWING.[4]

A dozen novels stand to the credit of the industrious and popular authoress whose latest work is before us; and we should say that "Full Swing" will add something to the popularity of "Frank Danby" and to her reputation. It is good measure, this story of Agatha Wanstead, Squiress of Marley. For it begins when she is but a child of ten, and ends with her death, at the approaching marriage of her son. She had many troubles, this unhappy Agatha. There was her father to begin with, with his passion for orchids, and his bringing a stepmother into the house. And then he died, and the stepmother died, and the stepmother's little daughter grew up to make a runaway match which turned out badly. Not so badly, after all, as Agatha's marriage with the Irish nobleman, Lord Grindelay, who, as the authoress assures us, belonged to the Ireland "of Lever's novels." Agatha was nearly forty when this disreputable Irish peer won her affections, and there was the faithful and quite wealthy family lawyer, Andrew McKay waiting to marry her all the time. But Andrew was a good friend and was with Lady Grindelay when she died. Fortunately for all parties, Lord Grindelay's death comes at a much earlier stage in the book, and though Desmond the only child has been shockingly brought up, he is his mother's son before the end comes. Poor Lady Grindelay brought most of her troubles on herself for she made many mistakes, good and conscientious woman though she was. The South African war was the saving of Desmond, and the excellent McKays, father and son, were able to deal with the wicked red-haired nurse who so nearly brought ruin upon the gallant youth. As for the love story of Desmond and Eunice, the most hardened novel reader must follow it with sympathy. There is plenty of incident in "Full Swing" and the sentiment and moralising are not allowed to stop the way.

LONDON CIRCUS.[5]

In this fantastic satire on the intellectual circles of modern London, Mr. Henry Baerlein reveals a fresh side of his character. He is, it is clear, a daring humourist with an

[4] "Full Swing." By Frank Danby. 6s. (Cassell.)
[5] "London Circus." By Henry Baerlein. 6s. (Fifield.)

uncommon talent for poking fun at our leaders in art and letters and politics. His plot is a wild improbability that is meant to be enjoyed for its extravagance. But it introduces into the earnest, cultivated, artistic life of London, the lifelike, amazing figure of Derunje. He is a Syrian who takes himself extremely seriously, and after acting as secretary to Abdul Hamid, he flies to England to escape from the Young Turk Party, and to make his fortune by a religious picture that he has painted. Derunje is drawn in an excellent manner: he is not a caricature but a real Oriental, with many charming qualities and a childish faith in the value of his picture which impresses all the Londoners he meets. He is taken up by a group of kindly fatuous busybodies, and an enthusiastic art critic is so won over by Derunje's personality that he writes a column praising the great Syrian masterpiece of religious art, without waiting for the picture to arrive in England. So a boom is started on work which nobody but its maker has seen, and the thing grows, owing to the rivalry of two newspapers, to a monstrous extent. One foresees that the masterpiece will prove to be something very feeble and amateurish, and this foresight of the ultimate bursting of the bubble adds to one's enjoyment of the extravagance. We suspect that some of the characters are well-known figures in London life very thinly disguised. But most of the satire is good-humoured jollying without a sting in it, and the fun of it all is very amusing. The equanimity and sweet reasonableness of Derunje in both glory and disaster is purely delightful: he is a memorable figure.

ON THE STAIRCASE.*

Mr. Frank Swinnerton has his own distinctive place among living novelists. His stories are always of the more or less seamy side of London life; he knows that side of London life as intimately as Gissing knew it, and he writes of it as realistically and as sympathetically as Gissing did, but in a more genial spirit. There are points of light in his darkest pictures; he is keenly sensible of the quiet hopes and quiet happiness that sweeten the lives of even the poorest and make them liveable. The Gretton family in "On the Staircase," the happy understanding and affection existing between the father and mother, the two brothers, and the self-reliant, very lovable sister Barbara—these and their careless, natural, pleasant relations with each other are a vein of light through whatever is drab in the tale. In some ways more charming than Barbara is Amberley's sister Susan, a very sensible, motherly young person who believes she is a predestined old maid, but becomes the heroine of a delightful little love idyll; Amberley's mother is a clever, humorous bit of characterisation; Amberley himself is a strong personality, strongly and ably drawn, and his resolute, much enduring, finally triumphant love of the independent Barbara is admirably developed. Velancourt is the least normal character in the book, but he is as true to life in his fashion, as all the rest. He is a young fellow of a poetical temperament; sensitive, brooding, selfish, passionate; but weak and unstable, born to the tragic failure in which all his aspirations and vacillations end. Lonely, unsociable, he is touched by the feminine attractions of Cissy, his landlady's niece; she waits on him, is interested in him, and he is presently fired with a blind, wild love of her. Her promptings overcome any fear and self-doubtings that would have restrained him, and they run away and are married, furnish a poor home on the hire system, and settle down to make the best of things on thirty shillings a week. His literary enthusiams bore her; she is only keen that he should get on and earn more, and in business matters he is miserably incompetent. Their home life, with its petty discomforts, incompatibilities. disagreements, remorseful reconciliations, its squalors and humiliations and little joy is minutely and vividly portrayed; and you begin to feel that its continuance is impossible when Velancourt meets and conceives a bewildered, desperate, overmastering passion for Barbara, who has nothing but pity for him. Mr. Swinnerton has done nothing better than the series of character studies in "On the Staircase"; it is a very notable achievement. The story has atmosphere and, for all its necessarily sordid elements, charm; it is, moreover, a story so intensely human and so full of interest that it should make the book a popular as well as a literary success.

C. W.

* "On the Staircase." By Frank Swinnerton. 6s. (Methuen.)

THE CHURCH REVIVAL.*

Mr. Baring Gould, well known as a voluminous writer who is always interesting, has given us in this book a vivid and picturesque history of the Church Revival of the nineteenth century. Probably he would admit that it is rather more a partisan statement than a sober history. Mr. Baring Gould has lived through an exciting time, and though he holds that he has won in a noble fight, the warlike spirit is not yet dead within him. We start with an account of the "Protestantising" of the English Church by foreigners and alien dogmas from the year 1547 to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Actual church doctrine, with its suitable forms of worship, are to Mr. Baring Gould of supreme importance, Calvinism, Evangelicalism and Puritanism are equally anathema. We have had many pictures of the moribund condition of the English Church in the eighteenth century, some of the most striking can be found in Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's novels, "The Tramping Methodist" and "Starbrace"; but Mr. Baring Gould puts down the lack of zeal and moral laxness more to false doctrine than many of us would. The chapter on Victorian Bishops is the fiercest in the book, and on these matters much could be said on the other side, but we shall all agree with the author that his criticisms would not stand against most of the present bishops. He writes with genuine enthusiasm of the Tractarians, and shows how both by their zeal and their good works they not only played a great part in the revival of the Anglican Church, but profoundly modified the religious spirit throughout the country. Mr. Baring Gould frankly acknowledges the sincere and often self-denying religion of the Evangelicals, but he rather exaggerates the tendency of the more devout amongst them to ultimately go over to the "Catholic faith," and is quite unable to understand the intellectual position of the "Broad Church party," therefore fails to see the extent of their influence and their character. In conclusion, he explains that he is a loyal member of the English Church, and protests against the errors and superstitions of Rome. The book is full of many telling anecdotes, touched at times with a certain bitter humour, though the author never for long loses his natural geniality.

* The Church Revival: Thoughts Thereon and Reminiscences." By S. Baring Gould. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

LIFE IS A DREAM.†

This is Mr. Curle's second book of stories. His first was a very attractive first book, of which I can now vividly remember some sensations of travel and impressions of tropic scenery, some delicious memories of a boy's country holidays on the Scottish border, and several studies of minds disordered. Mr. Curle was good at three things. He could take full advantage of the atmosphere of reminiscence, to give charm and strength to simple matters. He could paint luxuriance and gorgeousness both by colours and through the mind of an observer. He could recreate the moods of a person travelling alone in foreign places. His writing was opulent, but well considered.

The new book marks a change, not so much in power as in intention. Only one of these pieces depends much on description, and the same is the only one making use of

† "Life is a Dream." By Richard Curle. 6s. (Kegan Paul.)

the atmosphere of memory. That is to say, Mr. Curle has neglected the sort of writing by which he might most easily have scored and indulged himself. His subjects are more various than before. There is a man who goes to dredge for emeralds in an Andean lake—" an evil place " where the niggers, maddened by the forest, unbalance and finally murder him. He leaves a diary which is just improbable enough in manner to weaken the verisimilitude. There is a little boy who cuts up a hateful velvet suit and sleeps in a wood, only to be brought back at midnight to more than forgiving parents: a look-out man who fails to put detonators on the railway line in a fog and causes the death of a gang of workmen, and commits suicide: a tippling remittance man in the East who makes the reputation of being 'in the swim': an old clerk who saves money and asks for a long leave of absence that he may see the beauties of the world, but has nothing to say when the head of the firm gives him a week and advises him to go to Margate: a man who sails home eagerly after fifteen years in the tropics but is disillusioned by the cold, etc., so that he takes the next mail out again.

The stories are in the first place readable. They are clear, free from superfluity, and continually moving. They are full not only of vivid things, like the look-out man's fear of the dead men's eyes 'creeping round the corner to him, like lobster's eyes on the end of stalks, going zig-zag, zig-zag,' but of the air of common life altogether without tediousness, though perhaps the story of 'The Emerald Seeker' is not the only one suffering from unreality. The descriptions, all strictly relevant, are excellent. But Mr. Curle is still at his best in the one story where he relates a memory that is chiefly pictorial, the least ambitious and not the most interesting in the book. The other stories demonstrate a notable but as yet imperfectly successful effort to give equal truth to the experiences and emotions of people more or less widely different from the writer. In the story, for example, of the man going home from the tropics, I see the probability that he might be disillusioned as Mr. Curle desires to show him, but I do not clearly see what was his idea of England and how the truth was brought home to him, and that in spite of the fact that the man is sufficiently introspective to see that " one can't break through fifteen years' habit like that. My God! " The old clerk is less open to objection because he is more simply a type, a ghost who can be treated sentimentally and externally. Briefly, Mr. Curle proves himself a conscientious, resolute artist, discontented with his first decided and graceful successes, but not yet at the end of his new, difficult, self-denying task. I judge him by the high standards which he has obviously before him. By any lower standards, these stories would have a right to very high praise for their beauty, insight, and workmanship.

EDWARD THOMAS.

BOOKS FOR ALL.*

The five volumes—81–85—of the " Home University Library " fully maintain the high standard set by the earlier volumes. Dr. Moore's scholarly work on the " Literature of the Old Testament " should prove of great service to the Bible student. In the opening chapter there is an admirable summary of the difficulties in the way of Biblical scholars, from St. Jerome to Luther, as to the inclusion of the Apocrypha. The chapter on the minor prophets is especially well written. " Prehistoric Britain," an illustrated volume by Dr. Robert Munro, has an almost incredible amount of information relative to its size. It is interesting to find in it an account of the Arts and Industries of the Stone and Bronze Ages. In his " Problems of Village Life," Mr. E. N. Bennett treats his subject in a masterly fashion. The book is written mainly from the labourer's point of view; the author has little patience with Sir H. R. Haggard and his " conversations with farmers and land agents." The historical development of the land difficulties is explained, and the remedies from Tariff Reform to Land Nationalisation are discussed. The volume on " Common Sense in Law," by Dr. Paul Vinogradoff, is a lucid exposition of the aims and means of laws in general, and is well suited for the lay reader. Dr. Vinogradoff compares jurisprudence with political economy in that they both require a specialised knowledge to understand their details, although developed from general principles. " Unemployment," by Prof. A. C. Pigou, is a logical and instructive work. Under circumstances where rhetoric would have been easy, Prof. Pigou has written soberly and with judgment. His attitude is, on the whole, optimistic; he does not always expect remedies, but thinks that palliatives might be found.

Messrs. Collins are to be congratulated on the excellent appearance of their " Nation's Library." In his preface to " Burns," the Rev. L. MacLean Watt disarms criticism and claims as his only purpose " to turn those who know little of the poet to his work." It will certainly do this, and more, for the author shows a rare appreciation of his subject. There is too much epithet—" shaggy-haired survival of the goat-legged Pan " — " plaster-stripping power of Rabelais " — but the volume is most readable and, on the whole, no one could give us a better estimate of Burns. At a time when the Panama Canal is occupying so much of the world's attention, Mr. Enock's book, " The Panama Canal," is very welcome. It is one of the most entertaining of books, thoroughly interesting from cover to cover. Mr. Enock deals with the history of the isthmus, the previous attempts at cutting it through, and the final triumph. Those who would have an accurate estimate of the real significance of the Panama Canal should read Chapter XIII. of this book. In the " New Birth of Ireland " Mr. Redmond-Howard is to be congratulated on taking a broader scope than the mere issue of Home Rule—his subject is the future of the Irish nation. Granted Home Rule or its equivalent, Mr. Redmond-Howard's conclusions are just. His opinions, affecting to be impartial, are not unnaturally biassed, but the perusal of this book would do good to those who are convinced of the early extinction of the Irish race. The questions of " Co-operation and Co-partnership," which arouse more attention day by day, are ably expounded by Mr. L. L. Price, and Mr. Gibson has written a most fascinating book on " Twentieth Century Inventions."

It has, no doubt, been often said that the " People's Library " of Messrs. Jack is the best value for the money on the book market. The last twelve volumes are not likely to alter this opinion. In biography or historical-biography we have three names—" Schopenhauer," " Bismarck and the German Empire," and " Luther and the Reformation." Schopenhauer—not concerned with the destinies of nations—is more generously treated than Bismarck or Luther, who are obscured somewhat by the history with which they were concerned. We are given many interesting details of his life and a full discussion of his philosophy: there could be no better handbook for the beginner. We could have wished to have had more of Bismarck than of the German Empire, but, no doubt, in so condensed a library there is no room for purely personal studies. Otherwise the author has written up his subject excellently. The writer on Luther has not neglected the importance of Erasmus in the Reformation, and speaks of our owing to him " the Reformation that is to come." In reference to him, too, Mr. Agate speaks of Luther's " picturesque vituperation "—a phrase aptly applicable to Luther and Carlyle. " The Industrial Revolution " is a well-written piece of history. It would be difficult to find elsewhere a better description of the War of American Independence and the causes of the British losses. To Singletaxers, " Land, Industry and Taxation " will surely appeal; it includes a chapter of extremely practical proposals for land reform. In " Empire and Democracy "

* " Books for All." " Home University Library." 5 vols. 1s. net each. (Williams & Norgate).—" The Nation's Library." 1s. net each. (W. Collins.)—" The People's Library." 12 Vols. 6d. net each. (Jack.)

we find chapters on Home Rule, the Discovery of Imperialism and the Rediscovery of England—crammed full of facts and optimism—the optimism not always justified by the facts, perhaps, but always readable and yielding food for thought. Latin students will find a useful historical text-book in Mr. Giles' " History of Rome," which includes a chronological synopsis. The " Foundations of Religion " is an interesting psychological study of comparative religion, in which the writer attributes modern apathy to the sudden accession of knowledge not yet properly assimilated. The " Principles of Logic " is an excellent manual, and should prove a boon to students. Mr. Macgregor Skene's illustrated book on " Wild Flowers " should be in the hands of every nature student, and should undoubtedly arouse interest. " Applications of Electricity " has been written especially for non-technical students; it has many illustrations in the text and covers a range from electric bells to wireless telegraphy. Mrs. Arthur Bell has written an instructive history of " Architecture " from the earliest times to the Renaissance; without being technical, it expresses all that should be said on the subject.

It is a great achievement to place before the public, for so small a price, complete and critical studies on such a variety of subjects. A noticeable feature of these volumes is the excellence of their bibliographies and indexes, which more than double their value.

ANDREW BOYLE.

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE ENGLISH THEATRE.*

Mrs. Stopes reminds us that the late James Halliwell-Phillipps had two faults: he rarely gave his references, and more rarely gave them fully. For her part, Mrs. Stopes writes frequently as if all her readers were animated by her own unbounded enthusiasm (to say nothing of leisure) for the study of original documents, and her own power of perceiving their significance. Of her present volume of 272 pages, 123 are devoted to documents. She has a habit, too, of taking it for granted that her readers are well acquainted with the researches of other students. In the result, much of her work, valuable as it is, is caviare to the general, and does not reflect, as it should do, her great gift, when speaking extempore, for making her favourite topics vital, picturesque, and often thriling. Surely, the history of the first English theatre is a topic in which the average individual may be expected to take something more than a casual interest. It is a topic inseparable from the story of the Burbages. But, as we have it, the story is full of confusion. Omitting the Collier controversy, John Addington Symonds dated the rise of The Theatre, The Curtain, and The Blackfriars, all in 1576, but added a footnote query: " Was Blackfriars rebuilt or built in 1596? " Churton Collins gave The Blackfriars precedence, but said all the three theatres named were built in 1576. Mrs. Stopes tells us that the first English theatre was The Theatre, built in Shoreditch about April, 1576; and that James Burbage also designed The Blackfriars in 1596. But, in her preface, she writes:

" It may be asked why I have made no reference to the earlier Blackfriars of twenty years before? Partly because," she adds " that was conducted on an entirely different system, it was not like Burbage's, meant for a high-class *public* theatre, but chiefly because the discovery was not mine."

What is the reader, coming to the subject for the first time, to make out of this? Then but little light is thrown on the relations of The Theatre and The Curtain, though we are told, as against other authorities, that the latter was a rival of the former. Referring to the duel between Ben Jonson and Gabriel Spenser, Mrs. Stopes writes: " To understand it fully we must, as has never been done, go back to the story of a previous tragedy "—the affair between Spenser and Feake. Did not Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson tell this story in 1886? But, in spite of defects, we have read Mrs. Stopes' volume with increasing interest and admiration. She does bring before us the human side of the Burbages; she makes James Burbage especially live before us, in his enthusiasm for his Ideal, and his constant buffetings against the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. In a few graphic lines she conjures up a clear vision of the London of the time; and her documents include at least one indubitable discovery: a letter in which the Earl of Pembroke alludes to his inability to go to the play " so soone after the loss of my old acquaintance (Richard) Burbadge."

Dr. Gayley's new volume is a very thorough attempt to reconstruct the theatrical life of Elizabethan and Jacobean times, with particular regard to the comedies and the men who wrote them, their co-operation, and their companionship in misfortune. He and his contributors (who include Professor Charles H. Herford) make their exhaustive work humanly interesting no less than intellectually stimulative. Their criticisms smack not alone of the study, but of contact with the acted drama of the present day; and they carry the burden of their scholarly impedimenta with both ease and dignity. The General Editor, in his elaborate introduction of fifty-seven pages, estimates the value of the comedies of Drayton, Munday, Chettle, Porter, Haughton, Chapman, Jonson, Marston, and Field. His verdict is that " not more than ten of the comedies reviewed have intrinsic literary and dramatic excellence." Touching the so-called " War of the Theatres," he has " no doubt that it was largely a play to the gallery from the first." He thinks " The Silent Woman," " The Alchemist," " Eastward Hoe," and " The Dutch Courtezan," have possibilities yet, were our theatrical syndicates and actor-managers either less of a foreign strain, or more conversant with our racial traditions or our literature. With Mrs. Stopes he declines to be dogmatic about the alleged Cunningham forgeries. Oddly enough, he does not mention The Theatre, and his allusion to The Blackfriars does not seem to harmonise with what Mrs. Stopes says. Dr. Gayley writes:

" When, in 1596, James Burbage had undertaken to turn part of the old Blackfriars monastery . . . into a private theatre, and the city authorities . . . had protested," Queen Elizabeth " retorted by specially sanctioning the Master of the Chapel children as manager of this private theatre, and by taking under her exclusive patronage, in 1598, two public companies, the Chamberlain's and the Admiral's."

It is time someone went carefully through all the authorities and gave us a chronological outline of early theatrical history. Another point, perhaps worth notice in a year which witnesses the tercentenary of Sir Thomas Overbury's " Wife," is the relation of the poisoning represented in our early drama to the poisoning that went on in real life. Rimbault's accusations against James I. have never been satisfactorily disposed of. It remains to be said that in Dr. Gayley's volume the texts thought worth giving are those of " Every Man in His Humour," " The Silent Woman," " The Alchemist," " Eastward Hoe," and " The Merry Devill of Edmonton."

W. F. A.

* " Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage." By Mrs. C. C. Stopes. 5s. net. (De La More Press.)

" Representative English Comedies: Vol. II. The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson and Others." Under the General Editorship of Charles Mills Gayley, Litt.D., LL.D. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Novel Notes.

A CASTLE IN BOHEMIA. By David Whitelaw. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

To disappear suddenly and leave no clue as to his whereabouts was quite in keeping with the established character of the Honourable Herbert Epgrave. He belonged to a type beloved in Fleet Street; his exploits in practical joking, in the field of sport, in politics, were all calculated to interest and amuse the public, and scarcely a month passed without adding to the versatile reputation of the Honourable Herbert. Came a day, however, when this

privileged pet of Mayfair yawned. "At the early age of six-and-twenty the world lay at the feet of the Honourable Herbert—a sucked orange." Over dinner at the luxurious Hotel Belvoir he drawled out his tale of boredom: "Do you know, I haven't had a real thrill for a week, not since I mis-fired over Ealing when I was flying young D'Arcy from Hendon to Brooklands. I can hear his gasp as we began to drop . . . it was glorious to see the roofs of the houses jump at us . . . then the engine starting up again. Do you know, Reggie, I'd give a hundred pounds down to anyone who could provide me with something fresh like that—a real thrill . . . new faces . . . new places. . . ." And, sure enough, the waiter standing by takes him at his word, and in exchange for a hundred pounds supplies Herbert with something new in thrills. The thrill consists in attending, in place of the Polish waiter, a secret meeting of a world-society of Nihilists called for the purpose of deputing one of their number to assassinate a tyrant in Bohemia. When it is added that this pleasant little task is allotted to Herbert (under pain of death) and that the Bohemian tyrant proves to be none other than Count Boris Posneff, the guardian of Herbert's fiancée, it will be seen that the waiter more than earned his money. The plot is developed with Mr. Whitelaw's accustomed skill, and culminates in a dramatic discovery made by Herbert in the Count's bedchamber. "A Castle in Bohemia," is an enthralling romance with a remarkable plot that possesses staying power up to the final chapter.

TEN MINUTE STORIES. By Algernon Blackwood. 6s. (John Murray.)

Most of us have felt the ghostly qualities of ordinary things in that strange mood when the power of the twilight seizes on the mind in some unknown, lonely country place. At the end of a day's tramp, perhaps, you grow tired, and mistake a footpath and get lost at evening in a mysterious wood full of eerie shadows and dim presences. If your brain is numbed by the fatigue of a long walk, the sleeping memories of the soul of your race seem to awaken and people the shadowy forest with the spectral forms that haunted the imagination of your remote pagan forefathers. Mr. Algernon Blackwood has cultivated this twilight frame of mind with passionate zest. He prizes it as a way of escape from the vacuum of imagination produced by modern rationalism. Rather than see by the dry light of reason, he would prefer to live in darkness. Sometimes indeed he has seemed ready to throw off all restraints and allow his imagination to wander down ways as dark as those in which a witch doctor of the Congo forest dwells. But beneath the extravagances of his attitude, Mr. Blackwood has a remarkable framework of thought which he has developed in a fine series of novels. Starting with as intense a belief in the creative force of human feeling as savages display in their attempts to bend material things to their will by rites of childish magic, he has modified and extended his central idea into quite a reasonable sort of philosophy. His new collection of tales "Ten Minute Stories," forms an admirable introduction to his way of looking at life. Some of them are based on material left over from his longer works; others are pure studies of character that reveal a new side of Mr. Blackwood's talent—his gift for comedy. But in the more important of these short stories there is again displayed the strange and impressive power of wizardry that first made Mr. Blackwood a force in modern letters. Since the days of Poe and Merimée, the study of the supernatural has attracted many fine short story writers, and Maupassant and Mr. Kipling have, in our time, so powerfully developed the old subject-matter that they would seem to have exhausted its finest possibilities. Mr. Blackwood, however, can stand comparison with any of the older masters of supernatural effects. He is more in earnest than most of his predecessors, and he has in many cases a definite framework of thought behind his brilliant exercises in imagination. What is of much more importance from the point of view of art, is the fact that he has also a style of peculiar power and fine distinction. His subject-matter invites sensational treatment, but he now declines the invitation and devotes himself to creating a soft enveloping atmosphere of a strange spiritual kind, in which supernatural things seem to happen in a quiet natural way. There is now more white magic than black magic in Mr. Blackwood's work, and his delight in the imaginative ways of children and the fairer influences of natural objects inspire him with many charming ideas expressed in a style of high beauty.

THE TWIN SOUL OF O'TAKÉ SAN. By Baroness Albert d'Anethan. With Frontispiece in Colour. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

Lord and Lady Garleston have had a serious quarrel and have parted. So his Lordship—who is not at all a bad fellow at heart, and was not primarily responsible for the trouble with his wife—goes off to Japan. There he is attracted by the beautiful O'Také San, a girl of good parentage, and the inevitable happens. Then comes the war with Russia, to which Lord Garleston goes as a newspaper correspondent. He returns to find his wife nursing the baby of the dead O'Také San—and the ending is obviously happy. The Baroness Albert d'Anethan tells this simple little story effectively and well, making an excellent use of her knowledge of Japanese life and customs. Novel-readers—especially those who have a foible for Oriental subjects—will find "The Twin Soul of O'Také San" well deserving of their attention.

JOHN BULTEEL'S DAUGHTERS. By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

In spite of the immense amount of work Miss Katharine Tynan accomplishes—for here is yet another new novel by this well-known writer—her pen loses none of its cunning,

"A Japanese maiden evidently of gentle class . . . was slowly . . . descending the temple steps."

From "The Twin Soul of O'Také San" (Stanley Paul).

her stories lose none of the freshness and charm which is peculiarly their own. There is ever an air of fragrance in Miss Tynan's books, and "John Bulteel's Daughters" is no exception to this rule. John Bulteel is a quaint character; bluff, hearty, and exceedingly stout, with a certain resemblance to "Holbein's portrait of the great Harry," and "an uncanny habit of using very strong language with a manner of the utmost gentleness, which at once frightened and fascinated the old ladies of the country-side." He is a widower, and lives with his four grown-up daughters in seclusion in the country, impressing people with the idea that he is plain farmer and a middle-class Englishman. But there is some mystery about John Bulteel—a certain aristocratic air about his daughters that belie the term middle-class. However, the daughters themselves know nothing, but "accepted the certain mystery about their father as one accepts any fact one is born to. They had no curiosity about it, whoever sought to inquire into or probe it. It is astonishing how much one will accept if one is born to it." The adventures and love affairs of the four daughters and the solving of the mystery about John Bulteel form the main theme of a very charming story. "John Bulteel's Daughters" will add yet another name to Miss Tynan's long vista of successes.

IT WILL BE ALL RIGHT. By Tom Gallon. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The author explains the title of this novel as an "optimistic phrase in common use," but when Fergus Rowley utters the words in the last line of the book, the circumstances were decidedly unusual. Rowley, the wealthy collector, with the connivance of the ship's steward, feigned suicide by jumping overboard, the object of the grim joke being to see what use his solicitors and his heir made of his money. Clement Strange, the legatee, was a city clerk at twenty-six shillings a week, and the affluence of two thousand a year produced the results that were to be expected. In the hands of the swindling solicitor and his feminine accomplice, Clement was a lamb for the shearing, and though he did in a sane interval marry his typist sweetheart of the old days, there was much to be explained and forgiven at the final return of the prodigal. The best parts of an interesting story describes the vain efforts of the supposed dead uncle to re-establish his identity, and his claims to his own property. Mr. Gallon has contrived this portion of the plot very plausibly and with some neat, dramatic episodes. Fergus Rowley has to pay for his saturnine joke by serving as butler in his own house. The vanity of riches is well and truly preached, but lovers of melodrama will grieve that the solicitor and the lady should escape unpunished to South America.

CRYING FOR THE MOON. By Nancy Pain and Winifred Rose. 2s. net. (T. Werner Laurie.)

This is an unconventional story of two unconventional girls who live by themselves in a cottage at the foot of the Chiltern Hills. The girls, Julia and Gwen, are naturally and vividly drawn, the humour delightfully vivacious, and the novel itself wholly refreshing and alive with the spirit of youth. Through a suggestion of the vicar's wife, Julia and Gwen purchase a man's hat to hang just inside the door of their lonely cottage, as a protection against tramps. This is the beginning of "Reginald"—a sporty youth who springs from their imaginations. He is provided with a room, with an armchair and cigarettes, with the Cricketer's Calender and an assortment of other luxuries pertaining to young men; he is provided with everything except a positive existence. And then—a real Reginald, meeting with a motor accident outside, is brought suddenly into their little home. The novel is described as a love story, but it is a veritable tangle of love stories, and with the charming originality that is the hall mark of the book, they do not all get straightened out in the end. It is to be hoped that the authors will collaborate over another story in the near future, for they have created a novel quite out of the usual run; it is as fresh and wholesome as a breath of wind across the Chiltern Hills.

THE WAY OF THE STRONG. By Ridgwell Cullum. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Ridgwell Cullum has devised a more than usually elaborate plot for this well-stocked novel, which abounds in dramatic incidents and powerfully limned Canadian vignettes. The story opens in the wilds of the Yukon, and gives a memorable description of a sled-party overtaken by a blizzard while braving the hazard of the winter trail to the coast. The party comprises a man, a woman, and an Indian guide, and the cause of this perilous dash for civilisation is an unborn child. For the woman is shortly to become a mother; help will be needed, and the marriage service is yet to be read. Leo, the father of the child, is the outstanding figure of the novel; not altogether a pleasant man in spite of his magnificent physique and indomitable will; he is in fact a relentless, unscrupulous schemer, whose one consuming ambition is to force his way by fair means or foul into the ranks of his country's millionaires. He comes to the Yukon gold district to seek his fortune, and his character is well typified in the brutal frankness with which he addresses the poor, fascinated woman who has attached herself to him: ". . . I never calculated to marry you . . . I have no real love to give any woman . . . My whole mind and body are absorbed in another direction, which is utterly opposed to all sentiment." The first part of the novel tells how Leo abandoned the mother of his child for the sake of a "wad" of gold, and how the woman died in child-birth, leaving the infant boy to the care of her seventeen-year old sister, Monica. The plot hinges on the solemn pledge which the dying mother extracts from Monica. The novel spreads over a large number of years and deals largely and critically with the clash between capital and labour, capital being epitomised in the person of Leo, who "makes good" as a wheat king, and labour in the person of his son, who matures into a socialist orator. This incomplete outline hardly does justice to a story which shows signs of having been constructed with uncommon care, and contains much that is characteristic of the author's best work in forceful melodrama.

THE CITY OF HOPE. By C. Fox Smith. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

This is Miss Fox Smith's first novel and it proves the author to be a writer of great ability. It conveys a vivid impression of life in a Canadian prairie city, where Mark Russell, a young Englishman dissatisfied with business life in England, goes to seek his fortune. Vigorous, willing to work, he determines to show the Canadian farmer that an Englishman is his equal, and his successes, his misfortunes and disappointments are related by Miss Fox Smith with striking realism. Her clear, concise descriptions bring that vast land of promise vividly to our apprehension, and her characters have that element of reality which makes them seem something more to us than merely people in a book. Mark falls in love with his employer's daughter, and, though she loves him, grave difficulties bar their way to happiness, and he is doomed to lose sight of her and wander through many surprising experiences and exciting adventures before he gains a greater wealth than he had striven to win, and the City of Hope leads him at last to the City of Love.

A HEATHER MIXTURE. By Morice Gerard. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A new story from Mr. Morice Gerard's facile pen is always sure of a wide welcome. In "A Heather Mixture," Hugh Dalrymple, arriving in Italy after a tour round the world, gets suddenly entangled, by reason of his singular resemblance to his brother Fraser whom he has not seen for years, in a love affair, with which he has no concern, and learns that the passionate jealousy of an Italian Count places Fraser in great peril. Determined to save his brother's life, he goes in pursuit of him and follows him to a wild, rugged island of the Hebrides—only to find he is too late; Fraser Dalrymple has been shot dead on the

cliff. The author clouds the murder in mystery, introducing many bewildering and thrilling incidents, and making the story from start to finish keenly exciting. It is only at the end, after the involved plot has been cleverly worked out, that the misunderstandings are cleared up and Hugh learns the secret of his brother's death, finding for himself in the "far-off, wind-swept island" that which he had never come to seek, but which, having found, he can never live without. Mr. Gerard is one of the most ingenious of sensational story-writers, and his powers of imagination and invention were never used to more effective purpose than they are in "A Heather Mixture."

A FREE HAND. By Helen C. Roberts. 6s. (Duckworth.)

In her new novel of Sussex life, Miss Roberts is very daring. For she not only portrays a man's character in an intimate manner, but she traces its development from boyhood to middle age in a long, detailed study. It is not often that a woman writer sets herself so difficult a task as to compete with the great male novelists' knowledge of the thoughts, feelings and instincts of their own sex, but Miss Roberts is successful enough in her adventure to justify her in undertaking it. She manages to keep her hero handsome and attractive to various kinds of girls, without robbing him of some fine, manly qualities, and she makes him interesting and likeable, without endowing him with anything remarkable in the way of intelligence. But if we understand aright the idea underlying the title of the tale, he scarcely possesses anything more than an average strength of character, and if he had been able to use "a free hand" in shaping his own life, he would have made no great thing out of it. As it was, his mother and his first wife, his daughter and his second wife kept him working in harness as a seaside dentist, and except in one moment of extreme temptation, he stuck to his given job with a certain amount of quiet heroism. To our mind, the unusual talent of Miss Roberts is best displayed in her study of her hero's first wife. The full length study of her hero is praiseworthy, but the sketch of the strange heroine has more of real power of vision in it.

KITTY BELL THE ORPHAN. With an Introduction by Mrs. Ellis H. Chadwick. With Six Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (Pitman.)

This story was first published in 1847, when it appeared serially in the *London Journal* as part of a long novel called "Mary Lawson," by Eugene Sue. Mrs. Ellis Chadwick made reference to it in her recently published volume, "In the Footsteps of the Brontës." She now re-issues the tale, which makes a book of nearly a hundred and fifty pages, and claims that it is possibly an earlier version of Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre." Charlotte Brontë had as little in common with Eugene Sue as Shakespeare had with Bacon, and at first blush one is disinclined to take the suggestion seriously. Mrs. Chadwick's theory is that having written the story, Charlotte Brontë sent it to M. Heger, at Brussels, and that Sue obtained the MS. from Heger, and incidentally gathered from him something of her life-story which he introduced into the novel with which he incorporated "Kitty Bell." But there is absolutely no evidence of all this—it is all just ingenious guessing. If Sue took the story, it is to be assumed that he translated it into French when he used it as a tale told in his own novel; therefore Mrs. Chadwick's observation that, as it appeared in the *London Journal*, "obviously 'Kitty Bell' is an English story, written by an English writer, for there is not a single translator's note all the way through, whilst in 'Mary Lawson' there are several translator's footnotes," is not quite convincing. There are things in "Kitty Bell" that vaguely suggest "Jane Eyre," as there are things in some of the later Georgian farces that suggest "The Sketches by Boz," but in the absence of any shred of tangible evidence we hesitate to accept Mrs. Chadwick's proposition as anything more than an interesting, occasionally plausible but quite unsubstantial theory. The story is worth reading for itself, however, and Mrs. Chadwick's suspicion as to its origin adds piquancy to its attractiveness.

The Bookman's Table.

CUBIST POEMS. By Max Weber. 1s. (Elkin Mathews.)

"Cubes, cubes, cubes, cubes,
High, low, and high, and higher, higher,
Far, far out, out, out far,
Planes, planes, planes,
Colours, lights, signs, whistles, bells, signals, colours,
Planes, planes, planes.
Eyes, eyes, window eyes, eyes, eyes,
Nostrils, nostrils, chimney nostrils,
Breathing, burning, puffing,
Thrilling, puffing, breathing, puffing
Millions of things upon things,
Billions of things upon things,
This for the eye, the eye of being,
At the edge of the Hudson.
Flowing timeless, endless,
On, on, on, on, . . ."

This is the first poem in the new volume Mr. Mathews has just issued in his famous "Vigo Cabinet Series," which has introduced so many interesting poets in the past. Max Weber is a painter of the modern school, expressing himself in the medium of words, or you might say that he is a poet using the brush and pigments. He believes that a change of medium is a recreation, but in both you find the same outlook on the world, a vision which may at first impress you as strange, but which gradually, with sympathetic study, gives one a sense of the great joy of beauty appreciated. Weber has a sincere respect for the primitive art of the past, you feel it strongly in such poems as "Bampense Kasai," and "Chac-Mool of Chichen-Itza," but he also has a vital interest in the present. Unusual things, but all real and personal, he has taken for the themes of his poems: a red Chinese teapot, a cinema theatre, and frost-patterns on his window-pane, but in each you feel and share his pleasure. To those who have a heart "Love Refreshed" will strongly appeal, with its fresh spontaneous charm; to those who have lain "in the silence of the night" pondering on the unaccustomed aspects of familiar things, the poem "Silence" will come as the voice of a friend; and to the dreamer of dreams, in one who has paused to think of the infinite quality of space, the poem "I am Meteor" will find a kindred spirit. Would you like to cling to a falling meteor? This desire to participate to the fullest in all life's mysteries is, perhaps, one of the strongest characteristics of Weber's work. Nothing is too infinite or too infinitesimal to interest him keenly. He is fully alive to the beauty and sorrow and strangeness of life, and it is his eagerness to share his vision with us that gives to his work its direct personal appeal.

MADAME DU BARRY. By Edmond and Jules de Goncourt. 12s. 6d. net. (John Long.)

This is a scholarly and picturesque English version of the well-known book on Madame du Barry by Edmond and Jules de Goncourt; and so excellent is the translation that it is a pity the translator's name is not given. On a score of badly-made translations each season the names of the translators are given as much prominence as the names of the authors. The new life of Madame du Barry is a large but compact volume; and while the dramatic story as told by the brothers de Goncourt is printed in its entirety, there are also the appendices they themselves prepared. These add considerably to the value of the book, from the point of view of the historical student—and also, it may be added, from the point of view of the student of humanity, for they are appendices instinct with human touches and noteworthy for much out-of-the-way information. Madame's accounts, for instance, are given with detail, such as: "Furnished to the Comtesse du Barry by Bertin of the Great Mogul, Jan., 1784,—A chemise trimmed with *crêpe*, the facings lined with black velvet . . ., an under petticoat of *crêpe*, trimmed in the lower part with a flounce edged above and below with black velvet." The translator in a footnote remarks that this fancy of Madame du Barry reminds us of the fact that Queen Elizabeth wore a black velvet nightgown.

SONGS FOR MUSIC. By Fred E. Weatherly (37, Woburn Square, W.C.)

There is a pathetic interest attached to this latest volume of Mr. Weatherly's songs. The introductory poem was written for his old friend, Stephen Adams, to set. Stephen Adams never set it, he was dead when the poem appeared, and this volume is dedicated to his memory. The poem is called "Friend O' Mine," and the last verse holds a sad appropriateness.

"So, when the night falls tremulous,
When the last lamp burns low,
And one of us or both of us
The long lone road must go,
Look with your dear old eyes in mine,
Give me a handshake true;
Whatever fate our souls await,
Let me be there!—with you!"

Mr. Weatherly knows the joys and sorrows common to all of us, rich and poor; and it has been his privilege to translate them into songs—songs that hold haunting cadences and impressive rhythm; songs that fall into a natural melody before a note is struck. The present volume, in addition to the Songs, contains a vividly pretty cantata, "The Coming of Spring," and some "Song Cycles."

WINCHESTER. A Sketch Book by Gordon Home. 1s. net. (A. & C. Black.)

This is an admirable addition to an admirable series. Mr. Home gives us twenty-four pencil drawings of the cathedral and the ancient city of Winchester, delicate in drawing, exact in detail, mellow and right in atmosphere. The theme was, of course, an inspiring one, but the artist had to prove himself capable of receiving the inspiration, and it has been triumphantly received and interpreted. Temple and Town present themselves to us with all their true old-world magic, the magic and glamour of their legendary and historical past, captured and reverently understood. The size of the pages is well planned to give reasonable scope to the artist's work, and in sum nothing could be better as a souvenir of a visit to Winchester, or to give a true and sympathetic idea of the city to those who have not yet seen it.

CORNISH CATCHES AND OTHER VERSES. By Bernard Moore. 2s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Mr. Moore is a lover of Cornwall, and seldom keeps away from his beloved county. Many of the most interesting and significant poems in this volume are in dialect. As is fitting the dialect poems are very simple, touched with a certain sentimentality and lightened at times by spontaneous humour, The following lines will strike any one who knows Cornish men as "merely natural":

"I've knawed a many o' Devon maids with cheeks merry and red,
They'm pleasant an' 'ansum single, an' homely and cosy wed;
But I shan't marry a Devon maid; I reckon I'd rather be dead."

But the poem "Jenny" reaches a higher level. We give one verse:

"When Jenny goes a milkin' in the dewy time o' morn
I always be contrivin' to be callin' at the farm,
For her cheeks be red as roses an' her hair like rippled corn,
An' I be fairly mazed to kiss the dimple on her arm.
"Jenny, Jenny, won't 'ee let me love 'ee?
You'm brighter far than any star
That's shinin' up above 'ee.
Sartin sure, you make me mazed,
Iss, me deear, a' whisht an' crazed;
Jenny, Jenny, won't 'ee let me love 'ee?"

We are tempted to go on quoting, to give examples of Mr. Moore's humour and pathos, and even a few of his poems on general subjects. But we shall be paying him a higher compliment, and earning more gratitude from our readers, if we recommend them to read the volume itself and to select their own favourites.

Notes on New Books.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

The central figure of Miss Amy McLaren's sympathetically told story **Through Other Eyes** (6s.) is an invalid—a frail, gentle woman, called by the appropriate name of Sunshine. From her couch she watches the lives of those around her in the peaceful countryside where she lives, suffering in their sorrows, rejoicing at their pleasures, and bringing with her soothing presence a subtle happiness to all who come in contact with her. From her couch she sees Maisie, the Squire's daughter, luring the heart out of a careless young man who comes to stay in the village. It amuses her at first, till she realises that Johnnie has grown serious while Maisie is only flirting with him. Then Maisie goes away and later the news comes that she is engaged to somebody else. Sunshine knowing what this means to poor Johnnie, grieves for him, and grieves the more because she cannot help him; but in spite of all the doubts and darkness the story ends on a happy note, and Sunshine too has her own private friendship with a man who brings gladness into her quiet life. She is a lovable, unselfish character, and the simplicity of the novel is its charm. Some of Sunshine's peacefulness seems to have passed into the pages, and her sweet personality shines behind the story like a soft, glowing light.

MR. JOHN LONG.

From Pillar to Post, by Alice M. Diehl (6s.), is an interesting story, in which Betty Chevallier and her mother, on the death of Betty's beloved father, are suddenly left alone and destitute, except for the charity of some unknown benefactor. For some time, shut out of the world in the solitude of a country cottage they sink into the state of apathetic melancholy which frequently follows on the heels of great grief—when a new interest comes into their lives. There is a motor-car accident on the highway close to their cottage, and a strange, handsome man is carried insensible into their little parlour. The moment he opens his eyes Betty's days of youth and peace are over, and a wild passionate love stirs within her, a love that he reciprocates. But all too soon her dream of happiness fades, for he tells her he is already married to another woman, a woman for whom he has never felt the slightest affection; and he leaves her to a world of darkness and despair. The story is briefly told, but it is well imagined and it holds the reader's interest throughout.

MESSRS. W. BLACKWOOD & SON.

Mr. Harris Deans is so light-hearted that it is difficult to take anything he says seriously. The result is that it is difficult to know whether the walking feat described in the latter half of his new book, **Looking for Trouble** (6s.), is fact or fiction. Probably it is fact, and if so Mr. Deans has stronger claims to be of a sporting and athletic nature than the Hungarians who watched him shoot or drive may feel inclined to believe. The feat consisted in walking from Vienna to the Hook of Holland at an average of thirty miles a day and an expenditure of six shillings per diem. Mr. Deans did it—and thus won a pair of boots. The first half of his book tells of experiences of a less consistently strenuous kind in Hungary, but it makes just as good reading in its way. The book intends first of all to be funny, and it succeeds, though it does seem to us that Mr. Deans is queerly uncritical of his fun. Both good and bad jokes are cracked almost in the same sentence in very much the same way as they are in the "patter" of a music-hall comedian. But very likely Mr. Deans is wise: probably other people will appreciate what we don't, and *vice versa*. Anyhow, there are very good things in "Looking for Trouble."

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

Mallory's Tryst, by Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny (6s.), is a story of mysteries and mistakes. In the first chapter Evan Mallory, a young author, who under the pseudonym of Belshazzar has recently boomed, gets lost on Dartmoor, suddenly overtaken by a fog. With tantalizing skill Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny contrives to shroud the whole of her novel in an equally dense cloak of mystery, and the reader gropes his way out of one mist to be plunged into another. The fame of his book has brought into Mallory's life his first glimpse of romance, for it awakened a correspondence between "Belshazzar" and an unknown woman. The correspondence led to a friendship which ripened to something warmer until Mallory suddenly finds himself in love with a woman he has never met. How he does meet her in the end and whether his hopes are realised or wrecked, is the author's story—a very natural and very interesting story. Mrs. Champion de Crespigny's ingenuity lies in the direction of character study. The people who figure in her novel are human beings with ordinary virtues counteracted by ordinary faults and failings which serve to make them only the more lovable and appealing. It is the entire lack of affectation and artificiality that gives this book its distinction; the tale holds the reader's attention to the end, yet not in one incident does it overstep the barriers of probability.